


THE BATTLE.



'76

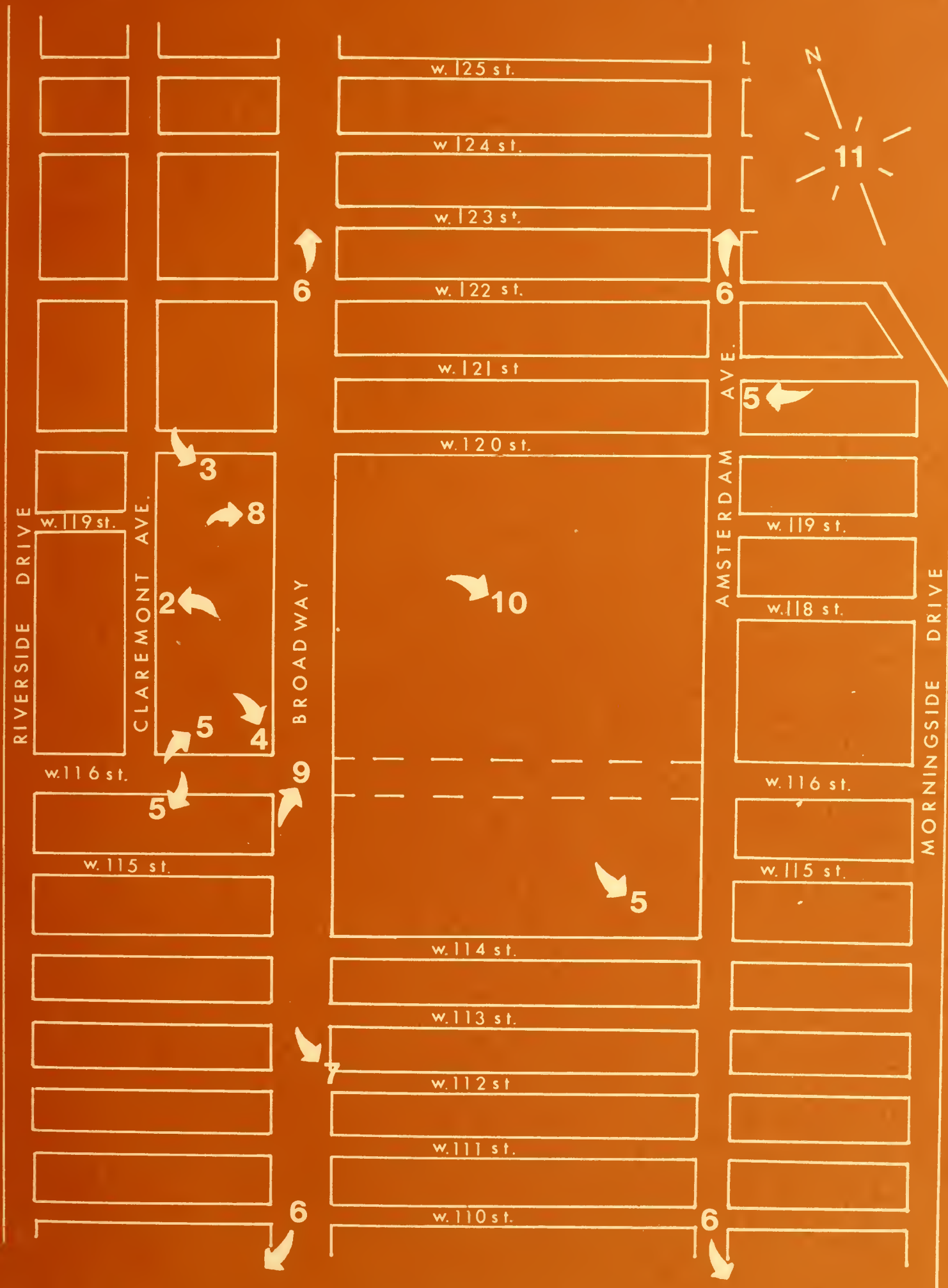
MORTARBOARD

VOLUME 82



MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS' BATTLEGROUND

1776



MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS' BATTLEGROUND

1976

YARNARD COLLEGE
ARCHIVES

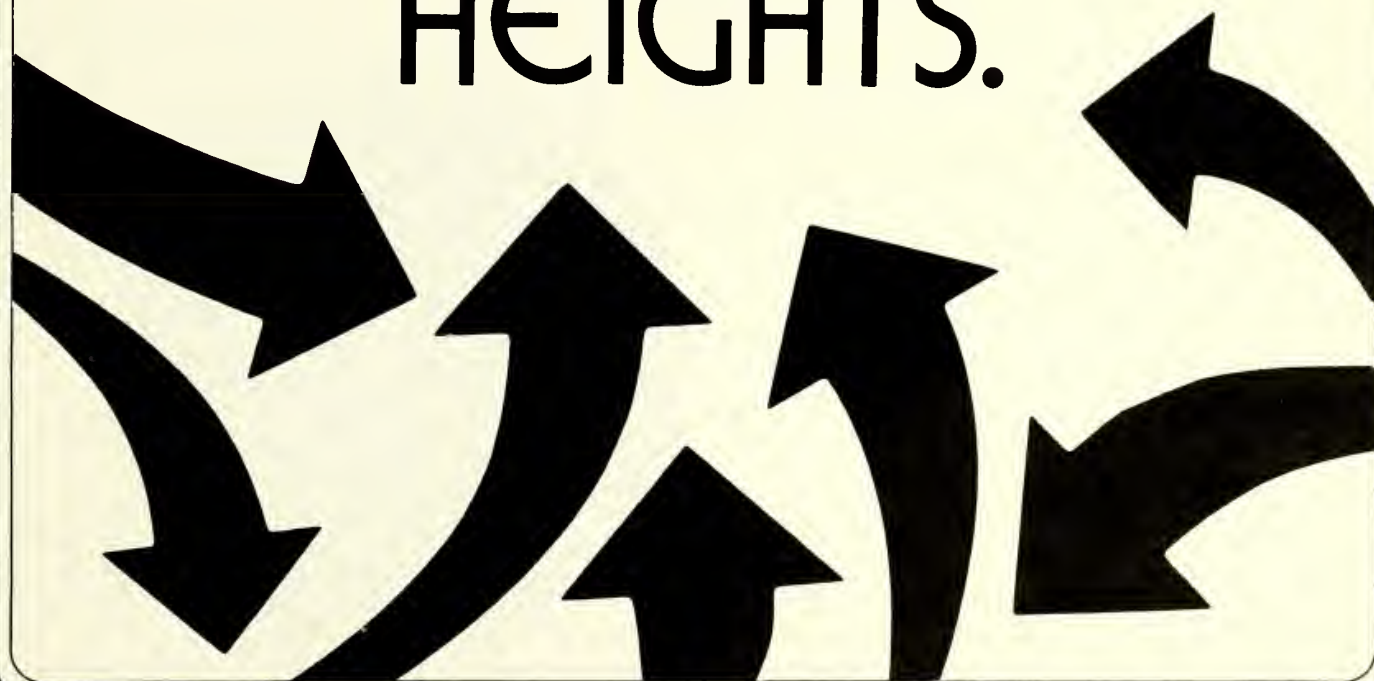


MORTARBOARD 1976 • VOLUME 82



Barnard College, 606 West 120 Street, New York, New York 10027

THE
ONGOING
BATTLE
OF
MORNINGSIDE
HEIGHTS.



1776—1976



THE BATTLE PLAN

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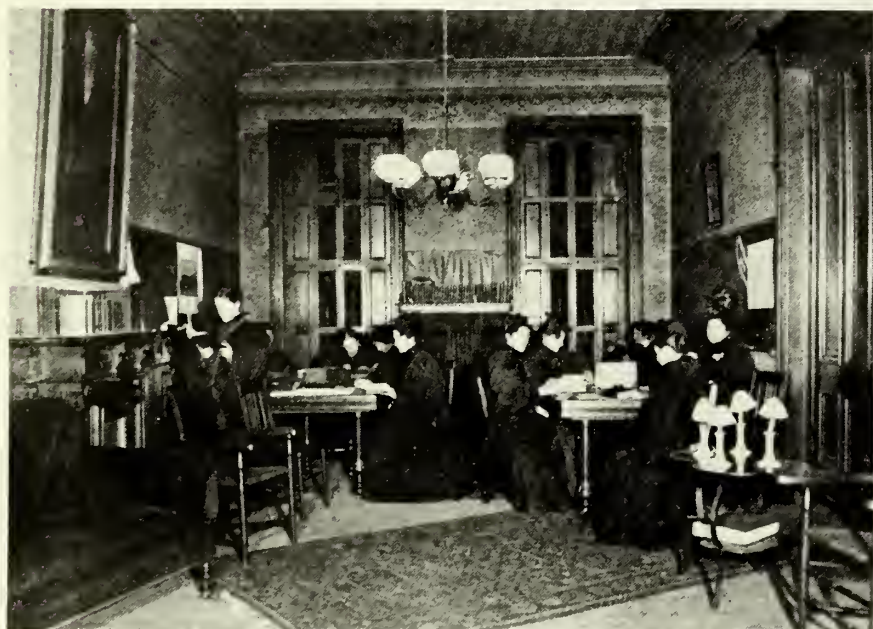
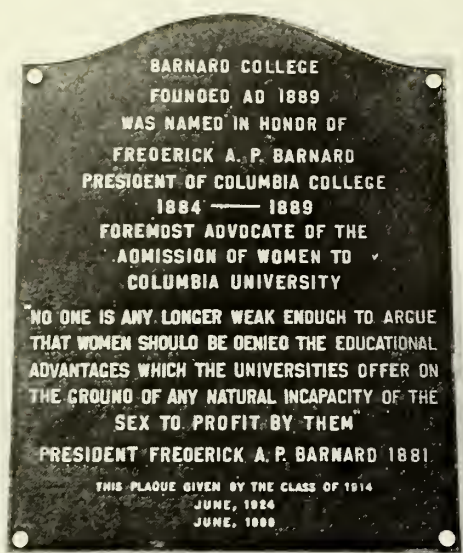


TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF HARLEM HEIGHTS WON BY
WASHINGTON'S TROOPS ON THIS SITE, SEPTEMBER 16, 1776.
ERECTED BY THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK



The Bicentennial or Buy-Centennial, whichever you prefer, has affected almost every person in the nation. No one can avoid the reminders of the great celebration that is sweeping the country and catching everyone by surprise in a patriotic fever. From the Bicentennial moments televised every five minutes during the Olympic games and soap operas, to the deluge of Bicentennial merchandise flooding the market (Bicentennial toothbrushes, baby bottles, neckties, underwear, etc) the phrase has permeated every aspect of the "American way of life." We at Barnard are right up there keeping the spirit, being conveniently located on an actual historic site. The Battle of Morningside Heights was fought on 120th Street and Broadway, and lest we dare forget, a plaque on the Mathematics building commemorates the event (pictured left).

On September 15, 1776, the Continental Army fled west in great disorder from the superior British forces at Kips Bay. At what is now Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, Washington tried unsuccessfully to rally his troops, and in disgusted rage, flung his hat at the retreating men. The following day Washington, hoping to restore their spirits, planned to lead his troops against a detachment of British and Hessian soldiers moving toward the American encampment at the presentday site of 130th Street and Manhattan Avenue. In a field of buckwheat, now the corner of 120th Street and Broadway, the armies battled for an hour and a half. The British and Hessian troops were forced to retreat south to 105th Street where they expected reinforcements. Unwilling to confront even greater numbers, Washington ordered a retreat to Harlem Heights. The American soldiers left the field unassaulted. The British troops, outnumbering the American by two thousand men, were routed and for the first time in the Battle for Manhattan, the Continental Army marched off a battlefield with pride. The Americans had a reason to be proud, for they held back Howe's advance northward for four weeks. This victory boosted the American morale, restoring their honor and courage. The Battle of Harlem Heights was the only one in the New York campaign in which the Continental Army tasted victory.



Although all traces of the Redcoats vanished from the area over a century before Barnard was established, the spirit of conflict remained. The founding of Barnard itself involved a long arduous struggle for recognition of the importance and need of higher education of women.

In 1869, Frederick A.P. Barnard, the tenth President of Columbia University, made his first unsuccessful appeal for women's education to the Board of Trustees. Barnard fought for co-education not as the best, but as the most practical solution to the problem of equal educational opportunities for women.

Men were not the sole opponents of women's educational advancement. Discrimination and prejudice were inherent in the very structure of society. While advocating equal opportunities, women admitted that they required special treatment. Some of Columbia's trustees believed women deserved to pursue their education, but they did not believe it should be done at a male institution. Others thought that the delicate female constitution could not endure the rigor of academic life: "They realized, as some women did not, how difficult college studies were and how poorly the girls were prepared by the existing secondary schools." (from an article by Annie Nathan Mayer, 1888.)

Finally, in 1889, following five additional abortive petitions by Barnard, the Columbia Trustees approved a resolution establishing Barnard College. The resolution, however, stipulated the following: Barnard was to purchase its own buildings, to be financially independent, and to set up its own board of trustees. Columbia instructors were required to make independent teaching arrangements with Barnard which would not interfere with their Columbia commitments.

Despite these limitations, Barnard expanded rapidly, graduating its first class of eight women in 1893. In 1897, Barnard outgrew its building at 343 Madison Avenue and moved to Brinckerhoff Hall at 119th Street, the original battle site, right across from Columbia University. Barnard became formally affiliated with Columbia in an agreement between the two institutions in 1900. The Barnard faculty was then recognized as one of the University faculties. The agreement also stated that Barnard was to be governed by its own trustees and to assume responsibility for its own endowment and physical plant; it would share some instructors and libraries, and that Barnard students would receive Columbia University degrees.

As early as 1937, and more than four decades before Peter Pouncey became Dean of Columbia College, the possibilities of merger threatened Barnard's independence. The subject elicited the following comment from Virginia Gildersleeve, the Dean of Barnard for thirty-six years: "If the time comes when Columbia trustees sincerely believe that the education of girls is just as important as the education of boys, possibly the finances for the two might safely be merged. Even under those circumstances, this arrangement might be less advantageous for Barnard, because in a great University like Columbia, the tendency is for the most distinguished professors to drift to the Graduate School and to neglect undergraduate instruction. Our present organization keeps at least a few of them at Barnard."

An agreement in 1952 further clarified the independent status of Barnard College and made the Dean, Millicent Carey McIntosh, President of Barnard and also a dean of Columbia University.

In the late sixties, student unrest erupted in a series of strikes and confrontations between students, faculty and administration. It appeared as if the Revolutionary armies had returned to the Heights in the guise of student radicals. Battles broke out sporadically through the spring of '72. In 1974, Barnard President Martha Peterson, and Columbia President William McGill, signed still another agreement attempting to define the vague relationship between the two schools. This latest document placed a dollar value on an educational relationship some 70 years old and outlined the following terms:

A. Barnard would continue to admit and recommend women for the A.B. and Columbia College would continue to admit and recommend men for the A.B. degree.

B. The desirable goal of increased co-education will be achieved through common access to faculty, courses and joint utilization of facilities between the two colleges.

C. Any imbalance of instructional, library and support costs incurred in the exchange of students and services will be adjusted between the two institutions on an equitable basis.

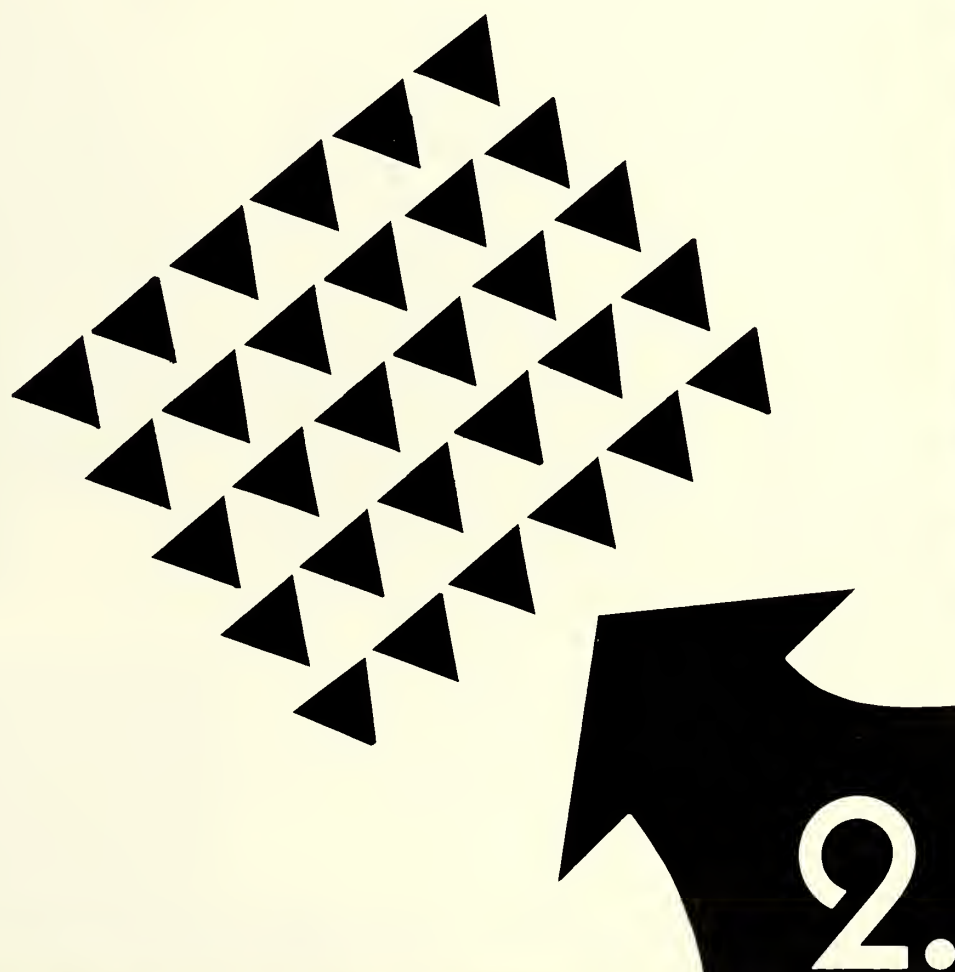
D. Reduction of operating costs, consistent with maintaining and improving the quality of education and services, to be a constant factor in any decision on cooperation.



The Class of '76 has lived with this agreement, placidly accepting the deceptive victory conducted in our names. We are not as vociferous as our predecessors; we have neither taken over buildings, boycotted classes nor abducted deans. We have been accused of being apathetic, obsessed with ourselves, grubbing, and getting into professional schools. Although we suffer silently, the spirit of the battle remains within each one of us. Survival at Barnard entails cutting through unending redtape, daily skirmishes with the registrar, the bursar, the housing office, clashes with unsympathetic faculty, and the perpetual battle with the books. As a mild diversion there is always the battle across the street — the threats of merger, and absorption issued by menacing college deans. Turning away from the Morningside Heights' Battleground, we find, instead of relief, only more struggles of getting by in the Big Apple: inflation, crime, pollution, etc.

As seniors we leave the battle site, veterans of this four year engagement. But we are not sure that the conflict will end once we are beyond the protective gates of Barnard. We leave behind many unsettled issues only to face the uncertainty of the future. Is victory ours or does the battle go on and on and on and on and on

ACADEMICAL WARFARE.



When the British troops came into view of Kip's Bay, Washington's men realized for the first time what they were really up against. The Barnard Freshwoman understands she's in for some rough times ahead and feels perfectly prepared to deal with them, until she arrives on campus and is confronted with Section V of the Course catalogue — "Academic Requirements for the A.B. Degree." Now that she begins to realize what she's up against, she knows that getting into Barnard was one thing. Getting out will be another.

On the first reading, the course catalogue seems to contain dozens of fascinating courses. You spend evenings mapping out your intended program for the rest of your college years, trying to fit all those wonderful courses in before graduation. You paper your desk with little diagrams and schedules and lists. However, the first two weeks of school, called the "shopping period", will convince you to abandon these visions of becoming well-rounded in every subject. After running from class to class and meeting up with surly professors who want to keep their enrollments down and reading lists exceeding ten pages, you realize you can't find even three courses worth taking. Courses requiring oral reports and independent projects are out of the question. Classes held on Fridays or early mornings are not for you. Professors with accents must be avoided. Meanwhile you are three weeks behind in your work and it's only the second week of school.

Planning programs can be fun, or so they say. Armed with Course Guides dating back to the 60's and catalogues from each division of the University, you slowly organize the available date and narrow down your choices. Right away you can skip some subjects like Urban Management. Night courses are quickly discarded, although they are given during the only time you're sure to be awake. Courses with prerequisites usually preclude eligibility, and courses whose hours are to be arranged are too vague for your restricted schedule. (You don't want classes three days of the week and nothing that interferes with the Thursday noon organ recitals at St. Paul's.) Oops, you've narrowed your program down to one course — European Folk Dance, so you go back through the catalogues and consider trying something new, maybe an intro course to some obscure Mid-East doctrine. Soon you'll have a smooth-running program, provided you don't get closed out of anything.



Like the surfer in search of the perfect wave, the student searches for the perfect "Gut". But even tips from friends won't save you from occasionally getting stuck in a course where pulling a C is the best you can do. So you take it pass-fail. Unless it's your major. In which case, you are obviously in the wrong field. But it's too late to change your goals, and you take the course incomplete instead. "I'm too young to have an Incomplete," you mourn, but there is a last chance — that two week grace period during which, if you finish the work, you are not penalized with an "Inc." on your record. This two week period falls, after the Autumn term, during such minor holidays as Christmas Vacation, New Year's Eve, ski season, and internship programs . . . but what is pleasure and relaxation to a Barnard student anyway?



ANTHROPOLOGY



BETTE DENICH

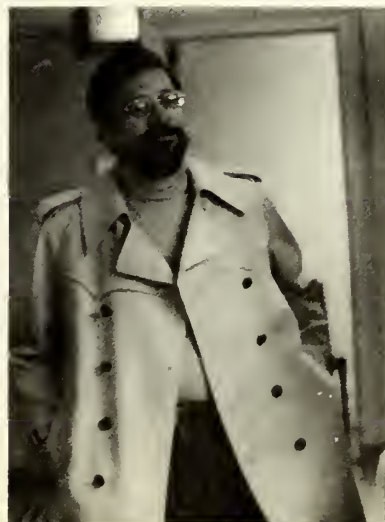


CLIVE KESSLER

PAULA RUBEL



ABRAHAM ROSMAN



MORTON KLOSS

ART HISTORY



BARBARA NOVAK



DOROTHEA NYBERG (right)
oversees seminar discussion



BRIAN O'DOHERTY

JOSEPH MASHECK



JANE ROSENTHAL





JOHN WALSH (right) with Vermeer forgery



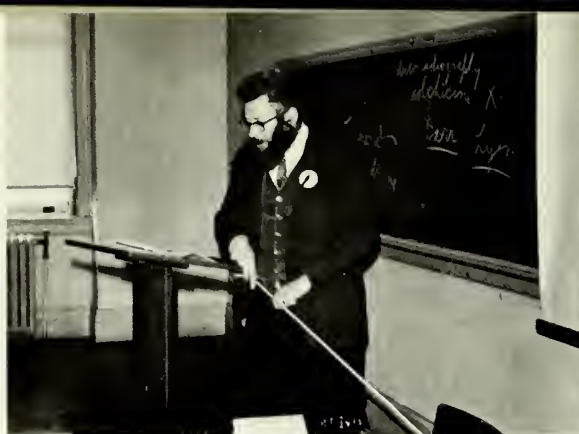
MILTON RESNICK

VICTORIA BARR





PATRICIA DUDLEY



FREDERICK WARBURTON



MARIA MILLER



ELEANOR NOBACK
Laboratory Director



PHILIP AMMIRATO



WILLIAM CORPE



NANCY RITCHIE
Assistant



DONALD RITCHIE

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES



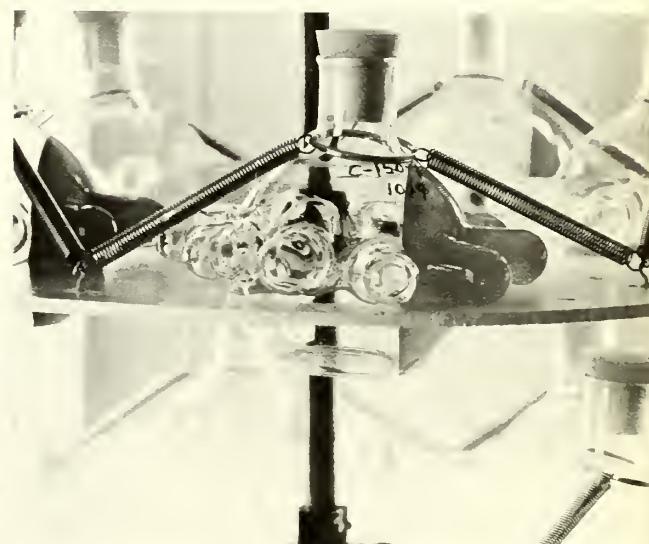
GRACE KING



OAKLEY CRAWFORD



BERNICE SEGAL



BARRY JACOBSON



CHEMISTRY

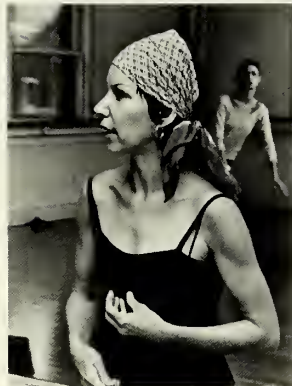
DANCE



SANDRA GENTER



LINDA LERNER



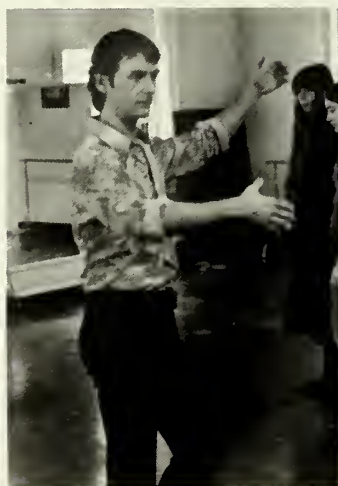
JANET SOARES



JEANETTE ROOSEVELT



DAVID HENRY



EDUCATION



KATHERINE WILCOX



FRANCES LOBMAN

GISELLE HARRINGTON





SYLVIA HEWLETT



CYNTHIA LLOYD

SUSAN LEE



DEBORAH MILENKOVITCH



MARYANN FOGARTY

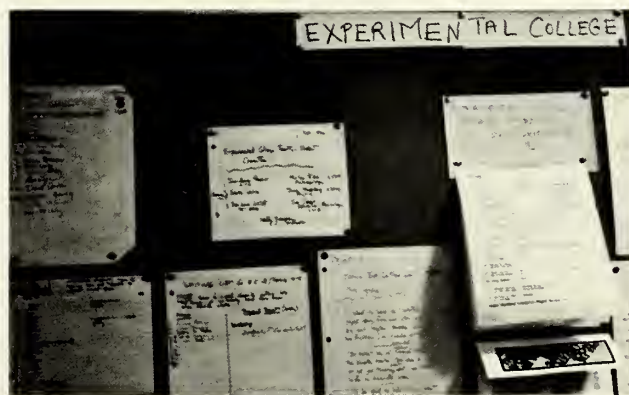


EILEEN GRAM



ECONOMICS

Pottery Co-op



EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE

HESTER EISENSTEIN



SUSAN SACKS

ENGLISH



ELIZABETH HARDWICK

ELEANOR TILTON

MARGARET HANCE
Assistant



BARRY ULANOV



CHRISTINE ROYER

LOIS EBIN

ELIZABETH DALTON

CONSTANCE COLBY

JANICE THADDEUS



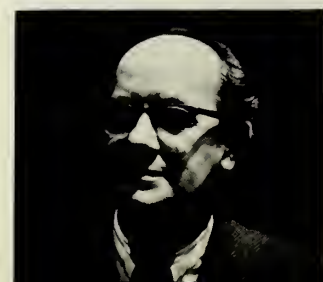
BILLY TRACY

CATHARINE STIMPSON

MAIRE KURRIK



KENNETH JANES



RUTH MATHEWSON



HOWARD TEICHMANN



JOANN MORSE



DAVID ROBERTSON



RICHARD NORMAN



ELIZABETH CAUGHRAN



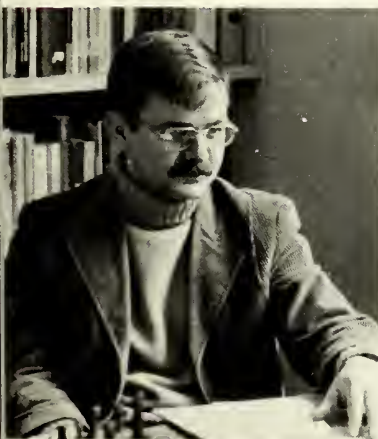
RUTH KIVETTE



ANNE PRESCOTT



WILLIAM IRVIN



MARJORIE DOBKIN



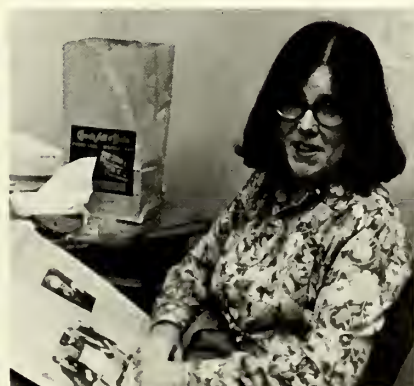
QUANDRA STADLER



ELLIN SAROT (right)



CONSTANCE BROWN



FRENCH

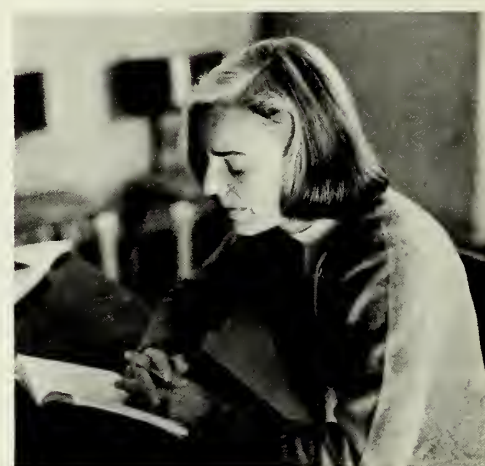
TATIANA GREENE



MAURICE SHRODER

CHARLES POTTER

SERGE GAVRONSKY



PATRICIA TERRY

DOMNA STANTON



RENÉE GEEN



LYNDA SNEAD

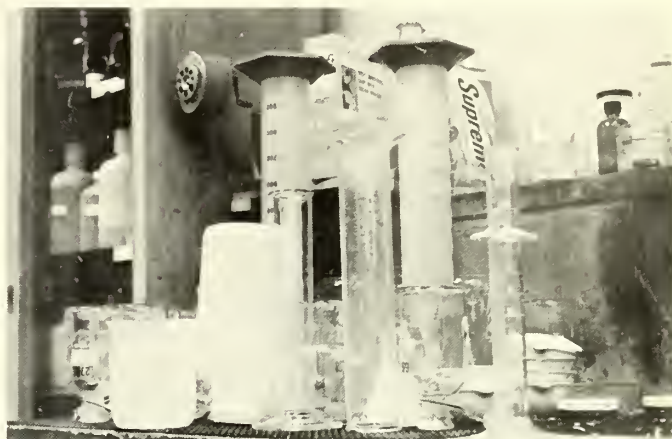


LANG HOAN PHAM

GEOGRAPHY



LEONARD ZABLER



TOBY BERGER HOLTZ



BEVERLY SPATT



DANIEL BRIDGE



RAYMOND KORDISH



JOSEPHINE OLU. ABIODUN



GEOLOGY

JOHN SANDERS

Geology field trip at Fire Island



A junior without a major is like a senior without a chance, and may lead to it as well. College students always yearn vaguely for the unattainable, which is in this case, the Bachelor's degree. There must be some field that holds your interest well enough for you to major in it. There are interdepartmental majors and the Experimental College if Calculus doesn't suit you. But you say you just want to enjoy life one day at a time. At \$5,000 a year, better enjoy these days to the hilt; Barnard is an expensive pleasure.



FEDERICK PETERS



GERMAN

MARVIN SHULMAN



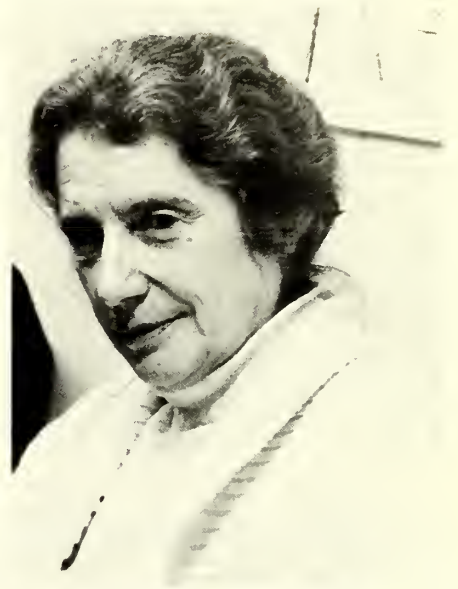
BRIGITTE BRADLEY

GERTRUD SAKRAWA





HELEN BACON



ANN SHEFFIELD



LYDIA LENAGHAN

GREEK AND LATIN



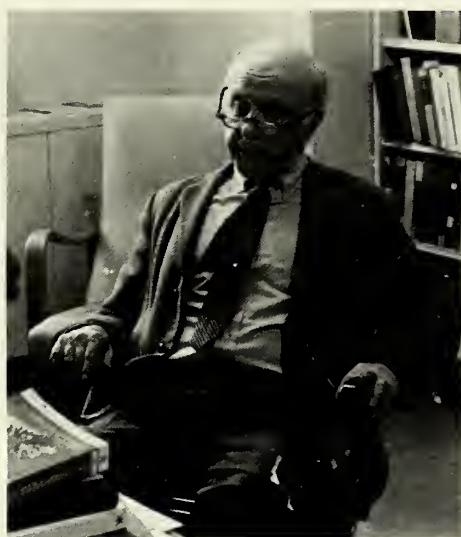
VASSILIOS CHRISTIDES



HISTORY



ANNETTE BAXTER



CHILTON WILLIAMSON



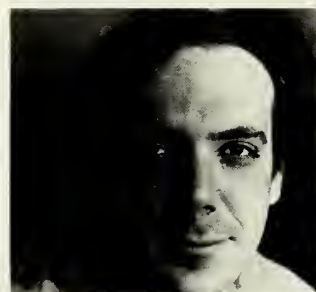
ROBERT McCAUGHEY



ANN FAGAN



THEODORE KOVALEFF



STEPHEN KOSS



JOHN CHAMBERS



DARLINE LEVY

MARION JONES



SUZANNE WEMPLE



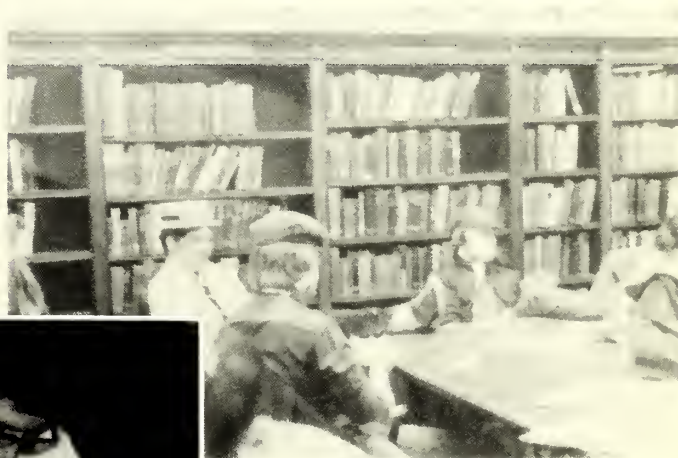
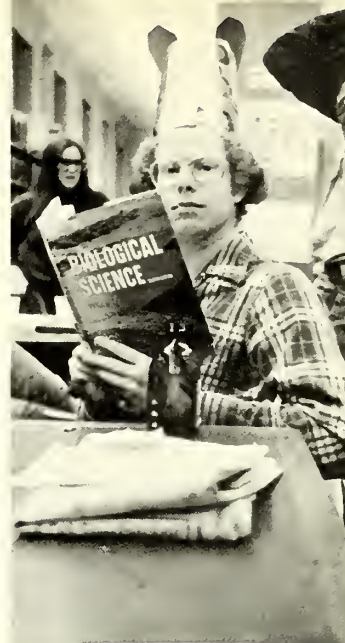


DANIEL FIELD



PATRICIA LABALME

As an alternative to the crowded dorms, some students have been known to become scholars-in-residence at the famed Burgess-Carpenter Library. The huge comfortable chairs provide a great place for resting your weary frame. If the social scene at the library should fall below par, the stacks provide one with suitable entertainment. If you become bored with reading the seemingly endless array of books, one can always play "dodge the perverts". And thanks to the fine delivery service of The West End, one need never leave the congenial atmosphere of Burgess-Carpenter.



The craziest thing about finals week is not that one does a semester's work in three days, but rather that one does any work at all. Could it be the tension that keeps us up at all hours of the night, eating Lido

cookies and talking about childhood incidents which have made us obsessive. (It doesn't matter what we are obsessive about, just so we are obsessive.) Those fools throwing frisbee in South Field . . . Who would believe that they have three incompletes and five days till graduation?

So you think I am kidding? So you point to the fact that the College Library is open twenty-four hours a day during the last week. Furthermore, students are, in fact, found in the library at 3:00 A.M. Yes, it is true. They sit at the long tables, surrounded by coffee cups and Tastee Cakes, laughing, talking, flirting with one another. And when the band marches in with a round of "Who Owns New York?" what is one to think?



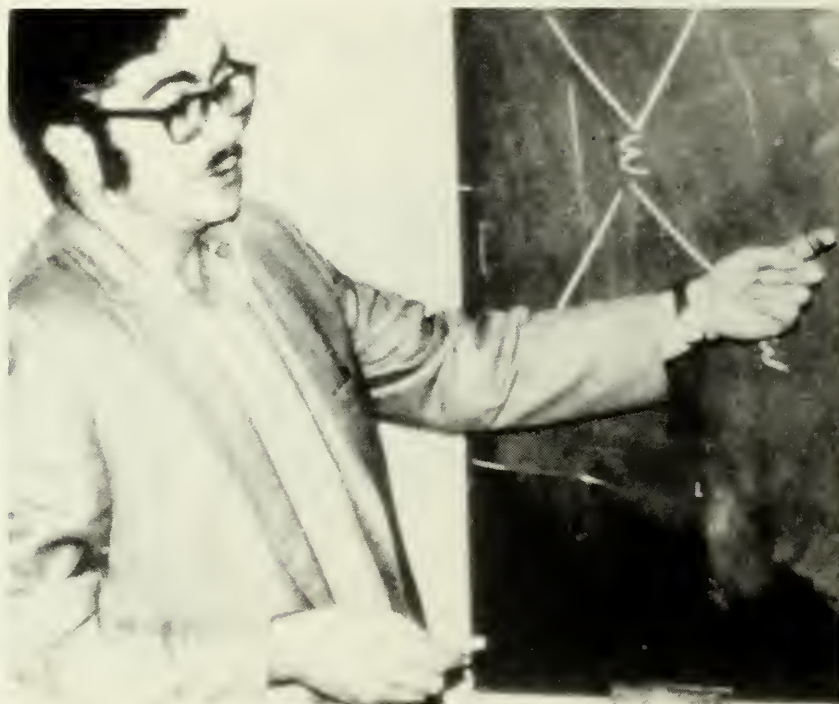
ITALIAN

MARISTELLA LORCH
MARIA GRAZIA DI PAOLO



LINGUISTICS

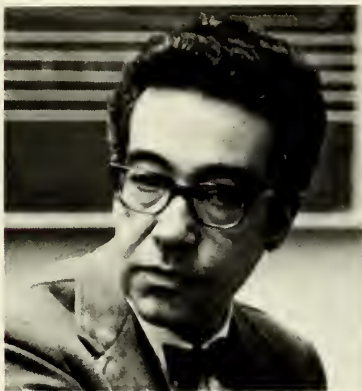
JOSEPH MALONE
LARS-ALVAR JACOBSON



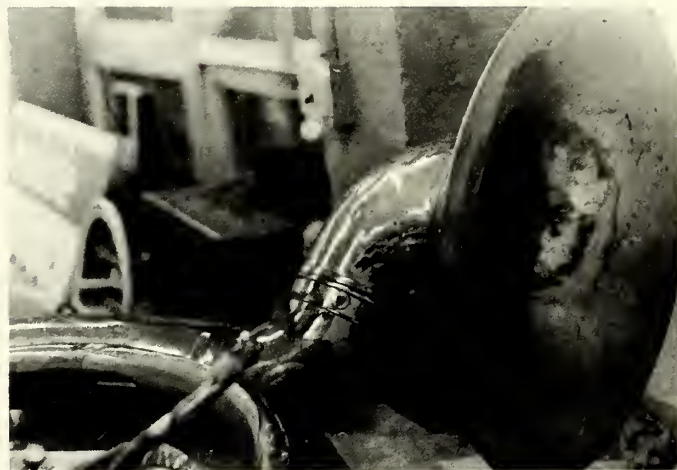
MATHEMATICS

JOAN BIRMAN





MUSIC



Top to bottom:

HUBERT DORIS

PATRICIA CARPENTER

PETER SCHUBERT

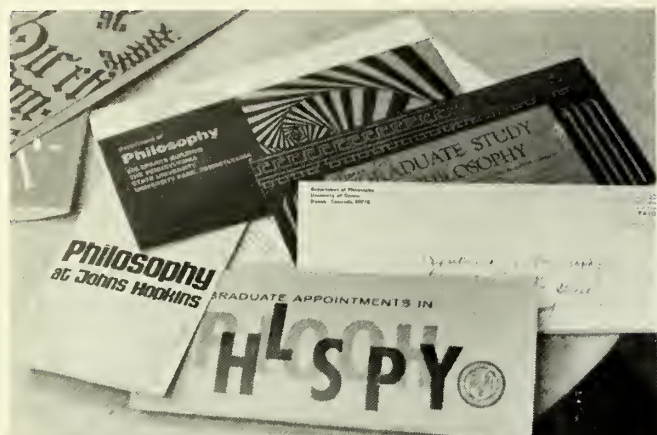
The all-nighter. At least once a semester, even the most sedate and conservative of students can be found tripping on No-Doz and caffeine. After freshman year, all-nighters are a way of life; the only hope for finishing papers and passing exams. After three or four in the morning, you no longer want to go to sleep. Your eyes are wider than usual, although ringed with red and bulging a bit. By 7:00 A.M. you are hyperactive, vacuuming your room before the Big Test with a silly grin on your face. After the test you try to sleep, but to no avail — you're really hopping now and muttering strange epithets. Towards evening you slow a bit, drag your feet a little, and suddenly crash, falling into a dead slumber for the next couple of days.

ORIENTAL STUDIES

JOHN MESKILL

BARBARA MILLER





JOSEPH BRENNAN



PHILOSOPHY



MARY MOTHERSILL



ONORA NELL

JEFFREY BLUSTEIN



SUE LARSON

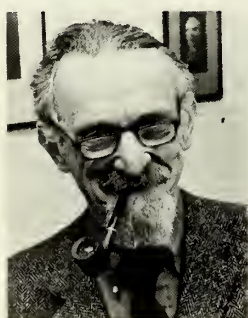


PHYSICS

RICHARD FRIEDBERG



SAMUEL DEVONS



SIGALIA DOSTROVSKY



PHYSICAL EDUCATION



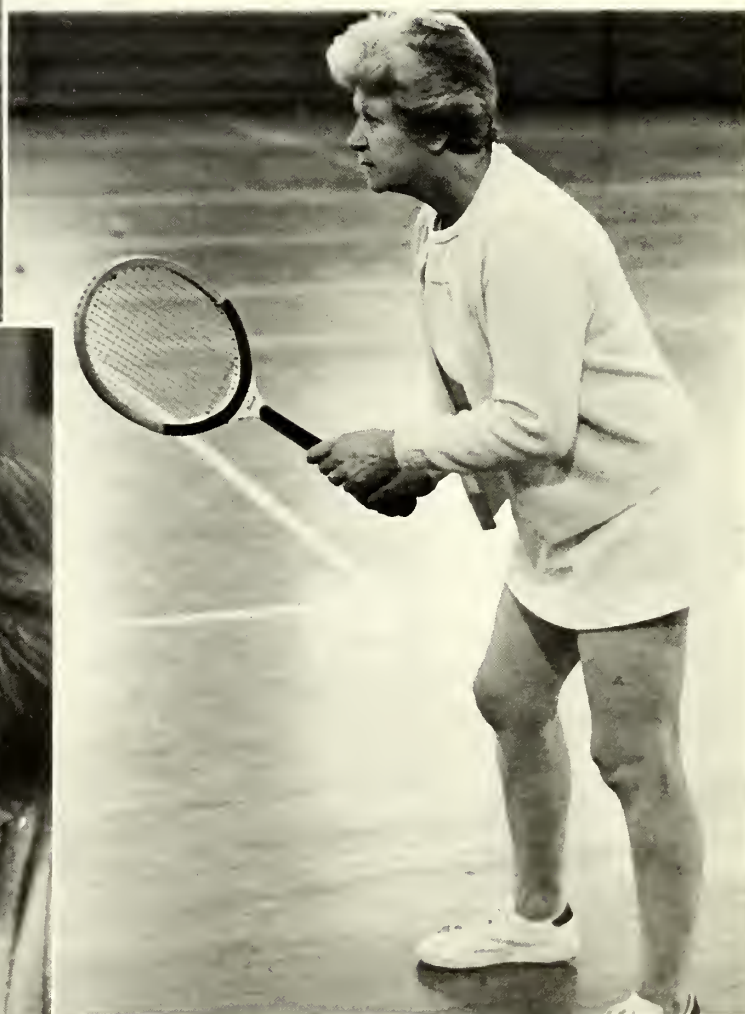
BARBARA FITTS



EDITH MASON



ALICE BRAUNWARTH



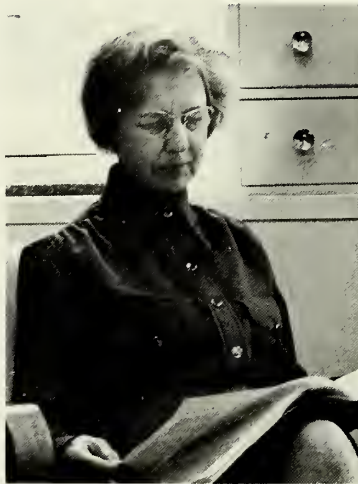
MARION PHILIPS



POLITICAL SCIENCE



INEZ REID



ANNETTE FOX



PETER
JUVILER



DENNIS DALTON



PHILIP SINGERMAN

DEMETRIOS CARALEY



FLORA DAVIDSON



ASTRID
MERGET



BRUCE FELD





RICHARD YOUTZ



PATRICIA SHIMM with member of Toddler Center

SANDRA STINGLE



CAROL RAYE



PSYCHOLOGY



LILA BRAINE

MARY PARLÉE



THOMAS PERERA

Perception Lab



FRANCES SCHACHTER

BARBARA STEWART



RELIGION

JOEL BRERETON



DAVID SPERLING



THEODOR GASTER

ELAINE PAGELS



ZOYA TRIFUNOVICH (left) and MARINA LEOKOVSKY



RICHARD GUSTAFSON

ANATOL SAPRONOW
and
MARIANNA SAPRONOW



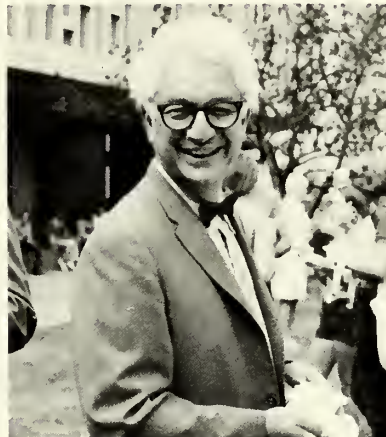
RUSSIAN

SOCIOLOGY



GUILLERMINA JASSO

BERNARD BARBER



GLADYS MEYER



VILMA BORNEMANN



HELENE FARBER
DE AGUILAR



MIRELLA DE SERVODIDIO



LUZ CASTAÑOS

ENRIQUE GIORDANO



MARCIA WELLES

SPANISH

MARGARITA UCELAY

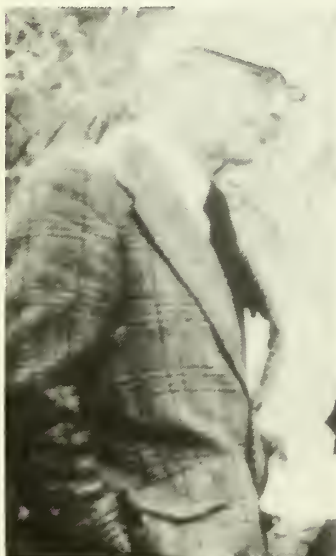




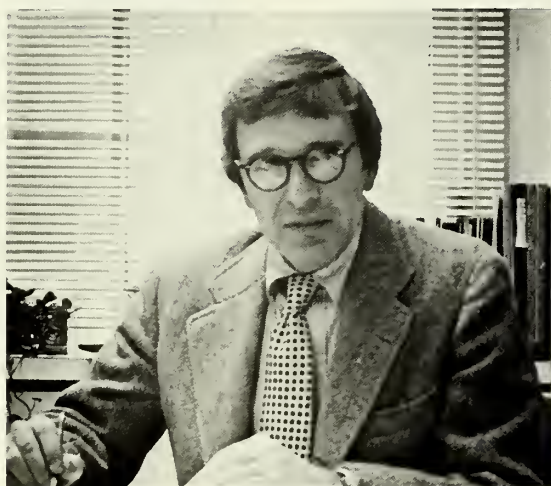
LEROY BREUNIG
Interim President



FORREST ABBOTT
Treasurer and Controller



REMINGTON PATTERSON
Acting Dean of Faculty



BARBARA SCHMITTER
Dean of Studies



DORIS COSTER
Dean of Students



JOAN REID
Assistant to the President



THE HARDNOSED BUREAUCRACY.



"Take the wall, take the cornfield," Washington shouted to his troops, only to see them flee down 42nd Street. Oh! the problems of the commanding officers! Resentment of troops, poor communications, and the problems of dealing with actual situations and not just theories of war. Have things changed so much?

ADMISSIONS

HELEN McCANN
Director



Applicant to Barnard
waits for her interview.

LIBRARY

JULIE MARSTELLER
College Archivist

ROBERT PALMER
Librarian

ELIZABETH CORBETT
Circulation

NATALIE SONEVYTSKY
Reference

MARY ELLEN TUCKER
Acquisitions



Success at Barnard relies not on academic interest nor long hours at the library but on a pair of tennis shoes. If you don't own a pair of those shoes, you can't possibly hope to complete your college career in a respectable amount of time. Speed doesn't necessarily count if you know a short cut from the Bursar to the Medical Office and back to the Registrar. A glib tongue does not impress the tight-lipped lady who insists that you have not paid your health insurance fee, but a fleet foot, as you run from office to personnel to professor, will dazzle the little lady into allowing

you to register for the semester.

Filling out forms is a knack, mostly in the wrist. No one will read your forms, and no matter what you fill out, you will be addressed as "Mr." anyway. Whenever there is a box, place a check in it; when there is an empty line, sign your name; and when there is a succession of numbers, circle the third from the last.

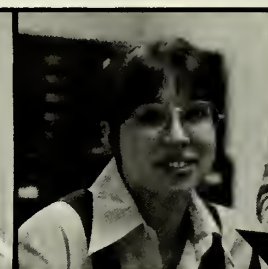
The administration is a kindly institution, here only to help us. Just remember to get a receipt for everything you hand over to them.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

SALLIE SLATE
Director

MAXINE WEISSMAN
Associate Director

STEPHANIE SCIACCA
Assistant



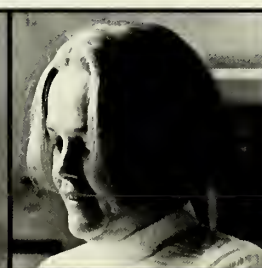
HARRIETTE MOGUL
Director

LELA ANDERSON
Head Nurse

JOAN BUCKLEY
Nurse

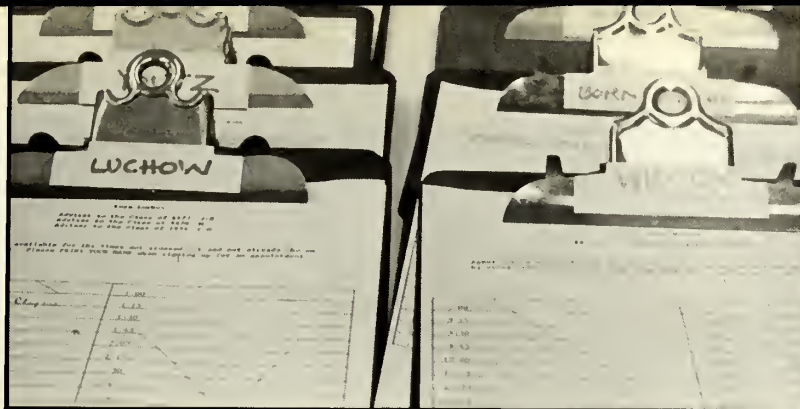
MARIANNE GELBER
Nurse

MARY LUCA
Assistant



HEALTH SERVICES

DEAN OF STUDIES



ANYA LUCHOW
Class Adviser

ESTHER ROWLAND
Preprofessional Adviser



Advisers also associated with various academic departments and pictured with them:

MARJORIE DOBKIN
Associate Dean of Studies

KATHERINE WILCOX
Transfer Adviser

TOBY BERGER HOLTZ
Class Adviser

VILMA BORNEMANN
Class Adviser

GISELLE HARRINGTON
Class Adviser

GRACE KING
Class Adviser

CHARLES POTTER
Class Adviser

LYNDA SNEAD
Class Adviser

SANDRA STINGLE
Class Adviser

SERGE GAVRONSKY
Foreign Student Adviser

RICHARD YOUTZ
Class Adviser

A SIMPLE TALE

After nearly two years of persistent petitioning I was finally granted permission by the Committee on Academic Programs and Standing to pursue the major of my choice.

The initial petition, signed by six cheerful professors, explained my goals and presented a program of courses. Six months later I received notice that it had been rejected. (The cryptic letter from the Registrar asserted that the petition was "not specific enough.") Undaunted, I composed a second petition which was a more elaborate version of the first. A long silence ensued.

After months of unalleviated suspense, I decided to have a chat with the dean. Perturbed by the rejection of the petitions, she couldn't for the life of her remember why they were not approved. She told me to write the proposal up once again and hope for the best. So for the third time I took up my pen and wrote an incredibly dashing and

spirited piece of prose. A long silence ensued and I considered transferring.

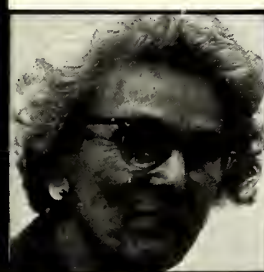
Then one day, about eight months later, I found a little note in my mail box which said: "Your combined major has been accepted." Small victories can be so sustaining. That same semester I received three more little notes, each announcing: "Your combined major has been accepted." The Committee's approval was evidently an event worthy of much celebration.

Thinking back on this experience I marvel at the fact that within five years the fierce political enmity which has existed between students and administrators has been so successfully dissipated. Ours is an eminently rational era. I've even considered continuing my pen pal correspondence with Barnard simply because it is so fulfilling. How far we have come in such a short time!

BURSAR



FRANCES BARRY
Bursar



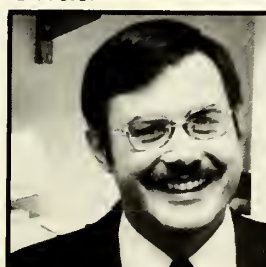
REGISTRAR

MARY HELEN McMAHON
Registrar



FINANCIAL AID

THEODORE STOCK
Director



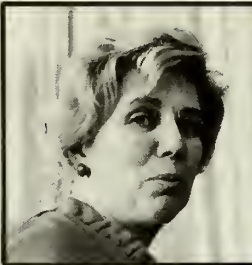
RESIDENCE

BLANCHE LAWTON
Director

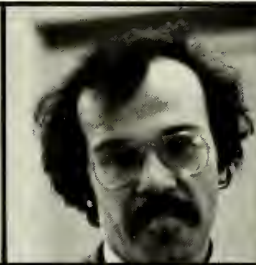


COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

CLAIRE FAY
Director



PETER SIMONDS
Program Director



DORIS MILLER
Assistant



It is possible that this training in the gymnastics of bureaucracy is one of the more valuable experiences that Barnard has to offer, second only to the unstated requirement that all students learn to type. Prior to entering college, we were protected from impersonal institutions by our

parents, who made applications and appointments for us, paid taxes and bills, and protested rigid rules which did not suit our adolescent needs. Leaving home means learning to fight one's own administrative battles.

PLACEMENT & CAREER PLANNING

SUSAN BOLMAN
Director



ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE

DENA WARSHAW
Director



DEVELOPMENT

BARBARA HERTZ
Director



ELEANOR MINTZ
Associate Director



JANE GRACER
Director, Barnard Fund



WOMEN'S CENTER & GROUNDS

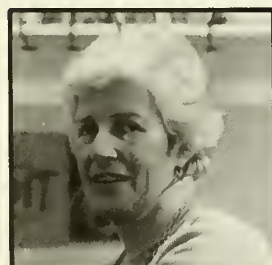
ROBERT DEVINE
Director



MARGARET O'SHEA
Supervisor of Services



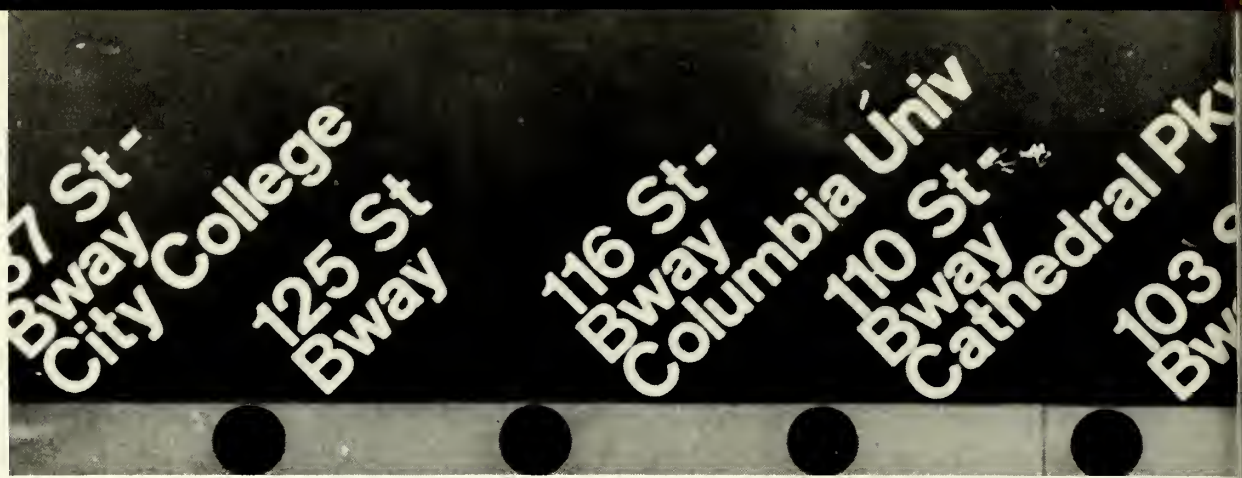
JANE GOULD
Director



THE MOBILE UNITS.



There exists at Barnard a group which has suffered silently for years, whose cause lies neglected and whose fate rests undetermined; whose members share neither a political, religious, nor an ethnic affiliation, but a staggering social stigma. The members of this group have earned their stripes in underground combat — they are the Straphangers of Barnard, the commuters.



It took Washington's men eighteen days to reach Morningside Heights from Flatbush (Zone II classification). Even with this knowledge, Barnard commuters remain largely unappreciative of the luxuries of the IRT. They still complain of fare increases, when everyone knows the current value of the Token (a good luck amulet when worn around the neck) is certainly worth the amount of entertainment the IRT affords its passengers. There are musical events — flutists from the Manhattan School of Music practicing scales for the big concert, Hare Krishnas doing a jig to their latest smash hit chant. There are fashion shows — pimps in yellow sequined silks and green leather boots, rich ladies in white furs who missed the taxi to Lincoln Center. There are prayer meetings, religious revivals, political rallies, all sorts of interesting faces.

But are the commuters satisfied with mere entertainment? No. They insist on bitching about water main breaks, derailments, flash fires, and tunnel roof cave-ins, and here are the poor resident students dying of envy because they never have any excitement in their lives.

Commuters complain of a stilted social life. Residents spend their spare time napping or grubbing at Butler, while those socialites, the commuters, are befriending shopping bag ladies and blind sax players and cocaine dealers and porno-pushers. What more can a commuter ask? Well, for a seat during rush hour, perhaps. And not in some frail old lady's lap.



For the unshaven gentleman next to her to take his hand off her ass, if it's not too much trouble. ("Listen, it's crowded, lady. I can't help it," he grunts.) For the doors not to be hopelessly blocked by the leading citizens of the Bowery. For the stubby accordion player to keep it down, the red-eyed fellow undoing his zipper to keep it up, the destitute sidewalk artist looking for a model to look in the next car, and for the conductor not to ask her if she wants to maybe dance a little. ("You must have mistaken me for someone else. My name is *not* Chicky.") These commuters ask a lot.





SUPPLIES AND AMMUNITION

A commuter, with much foresight, will have scheduled all her classes for two days of the week, to save travelling time. This means she must carry with her at all times 5 notebooks, 3 scientific volumes, 7 course books in the event she decides to study in the library, one heavy overcoat in case the weather changes, one fold-up umbrella for the same reason, a complete change of clothes and a toothbrush for that possible overnight, \$25.00 cash for untoward expenses, one ream graph paper, 2 compass-protractors, assorted pens, pencils, scissors. With only a duffel bag and suitcase to carry, the commuter travels light.

Studying in a moving vehicle is risky business. A commuter daily takes the chance that her 15-page paper will end up lying somewhere on the tracks of the IRT, or scattered around midtown Manhattan after sitting near an open window on a bus. If it's any comfort, the other passengers who are squashed up against the diligent student will take an avid interest in her work and will come away highly informed. A commuter thus takes on the aspect of a philanthropist of sorts.



STRATEGY

Before embarking on a mission, Washington's men would quickly double-check the plans. The modern commuter comes equipped with maps, train schedules, arrival and departure sheets, all of which she memorizes the night before the journey. Her day revolves around the "connections" . . . if she leaves her house thirty seconds late, she will have missed the bus by ten seconds and thrown her whole day out of joint. It does her no good to make it to Times Square in record time and be kept waiting fifteen minutes for the #2 or 3 express.

Timing is not the only critical factor in a commuter's preparations. Positioning is also important so as to achieve maximum efficiency with minimum effort. Which door opens closest to the escalator? Which car is least crowded at 8:55 A.M.? Which stairs bring you out of the subway closest to the turnstile?

With all the paraphernalia a commuter has to carry, it becomes important to find a convenient stash for tokens and phone call dimes. A token in a change purse in a wallet in a pocket-book in a tote bag does not promise the convenience she seeks. A dime in a Kleenex in a sock in a thigh-length fisherman's boot is not the most easily accessible item on one's person. A commuter's whole style of dressing can be affected as she starts to buy only shirts with zipper pockets or dungarees with the secret half-inch niche on the right pocket.

The poli. sci. major finds herself scheduling English lit. classes for 9 in the morning since Barnard Hall is nearer the subway than SIA. The late afternoon seminars become less frequently attended, until the commuter changes her major to something with morning requirements, like phys. ed.



"Which way to 116 St.?"





FRIDAY NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES

She used to think of apples when she heard the word mentioned. But after four years of commuting, nay, after four weeks, she thinks of that depressing, sterile (except for the snack bar), noisy, boring building she is consigned to during breaks, that place of square tables and pinball machines, that commuter haven, McIntosh.

McIntosh is the acknowledged commuter hang-out. A resident dares not step inside without disguising herself first in dark glasses, and anyway, a resident would not want to go near the joint. Those commuters who are assigned rooms quickly forget about McIntosh, except when a dance is held there. Residents ignore that home of the Student Mailing, of the campus publications, of CAO. On a rainy day, the commuter can be found in there, playing her 100th game of ping pong.





Befriending a resident is putting a notch on a commuter's belt. She now has an Alternative. When that special movie or mixer hits campus, she'll be phoning her new resident friend, arranging a mutually agreeable time for putting down a deposit on a cot for the night.

Late social activities are almost out of the question for the commuter. Even if she has a car and lives fifteen minutes away, who wants to drive home at 4 in the morning after seven gin and tonics? And who wants to screw in the back seat when other people have convenient singles in Hartley? The commuter knows about campus traditions only through hearsay, ("CDR? I hear people go there on Thursday night. What is it, a pizza parlor?")

The commuter will never know what it is to be "pennied in" or have all her furniture stolen from out of her room. She has missed the all-important "dorm life" — on which the tradition of the crazy undergraduate is founded.



Then there is the woman who has chosen either to commute or to take her own apartment. Dorm life does not particularly appeal to her. Could this mean she has not the urge to frequent the Lion's Den or the frat parties? A commuter retains the comforts of home and family, and the not-to-be-overlooked home cooked meals. A woman with her own apartment in the city no longer feels the transience of suitcase living and fleeting suite-mate friendships. She can step outside her bedroom into a living room, not a hall, and yes, she can put scotch tape on her walls if she chooses to and decorate and cook and not have to sign her mother in to visit.

She retains her privacy — she does not have her phone conversations overheard or her whereabouts known, and she does not have to flash an ID to enter, nor must she leave come vacation time.

There are disadvantages to apartment life, too. The building is not full of sympathetic people your own age or security guards. Rents around the Heights, as anywhere, are exorbitant, and if you've chosen to share the rent, you have leased not only an apartment, but a full-time roommate as well. If you thought the Housing Office was difficult to deal with, wait until you meet your new landlord . . .





LIVING QUARTERS.



5.

Survived bureaucratic bombast and classroom catastrophe? To the victor rightly goes the spoils. Return unscathed to more tranquil quarters, but don't let down your guard. A frisbee or football zooming down your dormitory hall is potent artillery.

BHR



Phyllis D. Zadra, Director of BHR









At left: An informal get-together in a student's room in Brooks Hall in 1912. Barely visible over the door on the left is a streamer reading "Votes for Women." . . .




Professor Alan Westin at Columbia wrote a book several years ago on the importance of privacy, and what happens when people are deprived of needed space. He might have been inspired by a visit to Plimpton or "616", for no matter how patient or understanding fellow suitemates may be, conflicts inevitably arise.



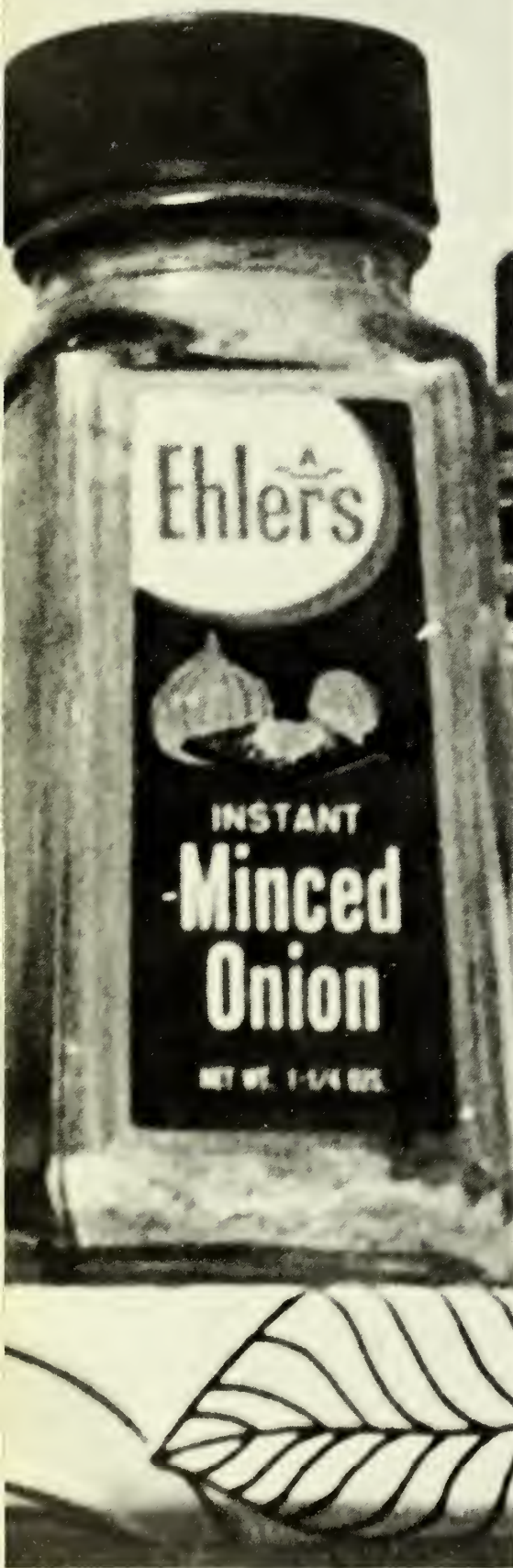
Ann Palony, Director of Plimpton Hall.



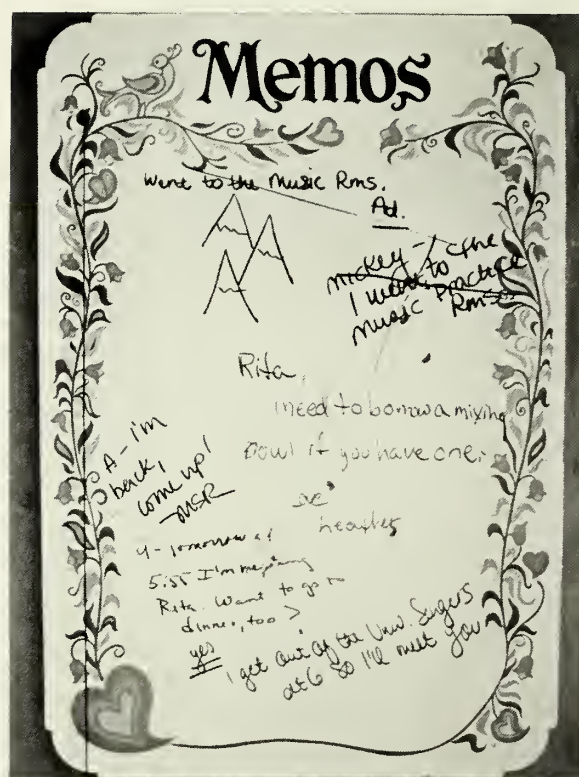
Rick and Cathy Houser
Directors, "600", "616", and "620"

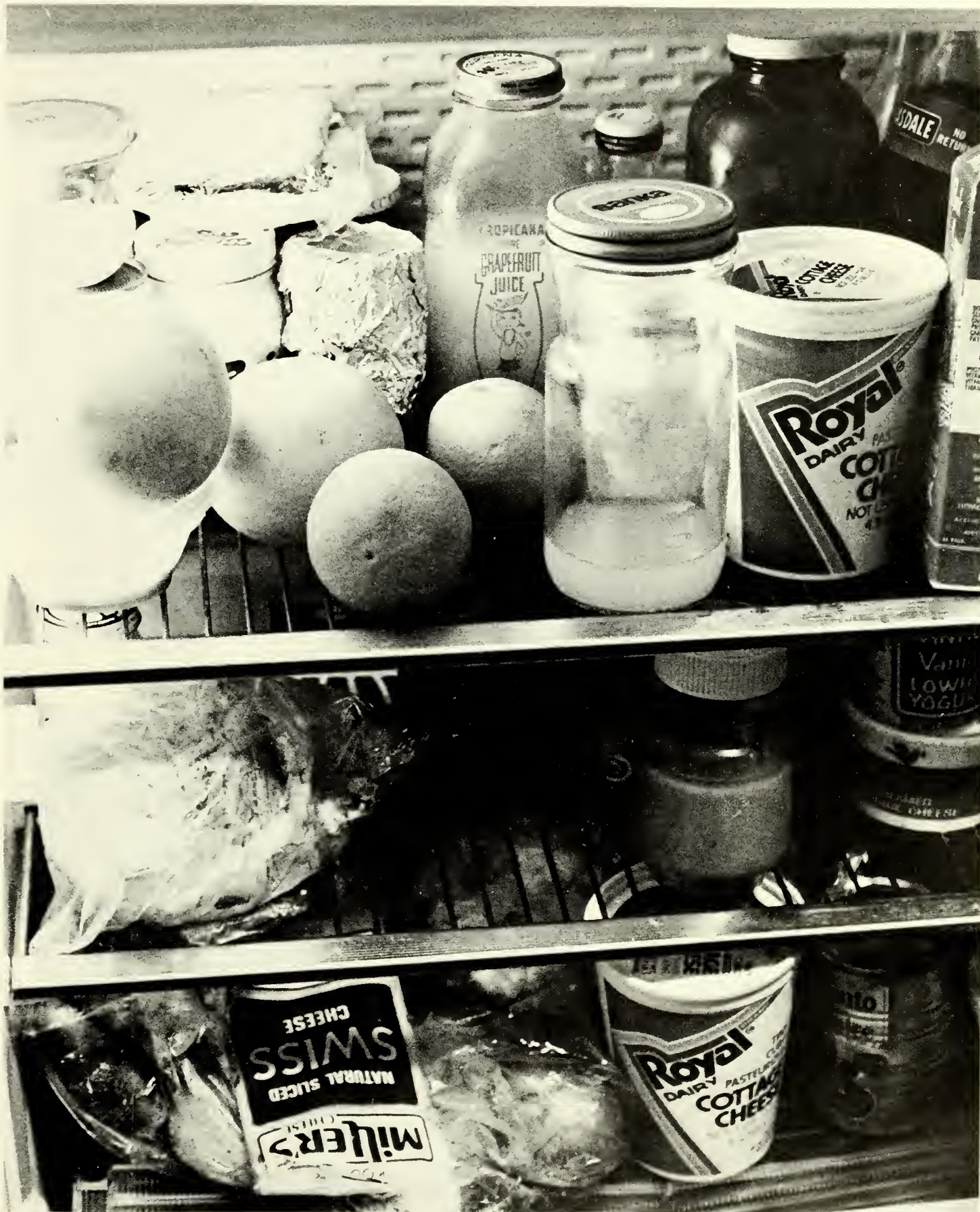
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57



The interpersonal conflicts in dorms equipped with kitchens invariably center around food. For the first two weeks the dishes get washed and the division of territory in the refrigerator remains clear. Then the residents relax, and the war of the edibles commences. A suite which begins as a paragon of charm and tranquility ends with an atmosphere of resentment and suspicion. The kitchen is filthy because the cleaning system has broken down and every article of food in the refrigerator is labelled with its owner's name and a warning not to touch it.









And then there is the noise factor. This is not a problem if by chance all five women follow the same schedule as far as sleeping, studying and goofing off goes. But how realistic is this? One woman works downtown as a paralegal and must arise each morning at 7:00, shower and leave by 8:00. But she was kept up until 5 a.m. by her suitemate's loud bickering with her boyfriend. And if you've ever tried to mediate between two suitemates, one an ardent fan of country/western music, the other strictly into classical, you become immediately aware that any decibel level is too high for comfort.

One of the hardest problems to cope with is borrowing, whether it be food, clothes, money or typewriters. One suitemate still believes she is a size 7 and "borrows" your fine Italian sweater. "Well," you say to her, "It never did fit me." And to yourself, "It will surely never fit the same, now that you have stretched it to size 14."

"Life is just plain unfair," says the English major with 10 papers a semester, which she must churn out with the help of her suitemate's Smith-Corona. The typewriter sits on the English major's desk until one day at the end of the semester, both girls need the typewriter. Desperately.

One wonders that there are no homicides at Barnard.

But one also wonders what would be the result of a study made of people who are deprived of "needed" friends. The English major types her suitemate's paper, the paralegal stays up until 4:00 listening to her friend's unhappy, if not somewhat illicit, love affairs, and eventually even Kris Kristofferson is reconciled to Bach.



Zit-Out Diet

See K., Martin & Susan C. can't eat the following.

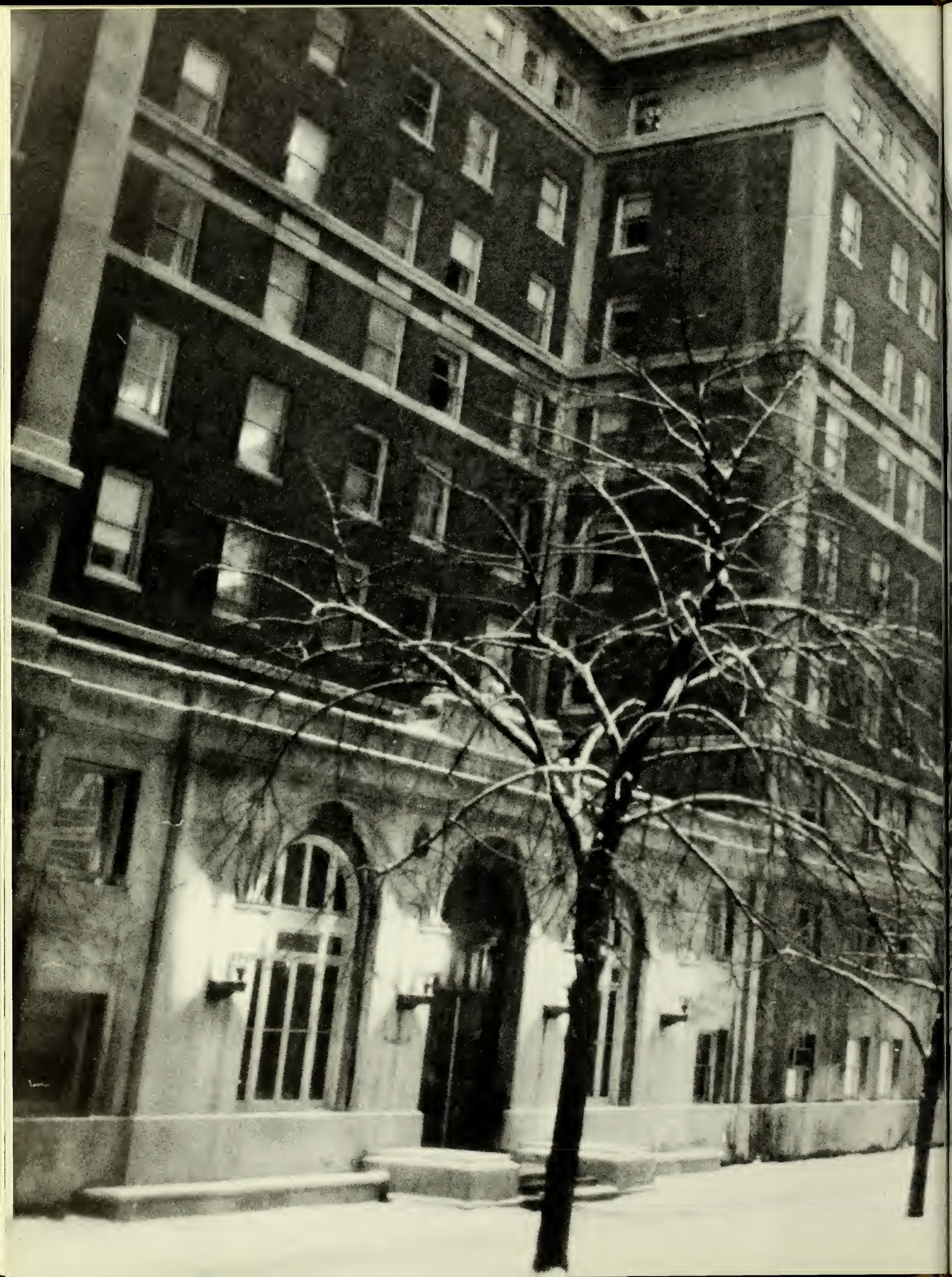
- ① no chocolate or any kind
- ② no salad dressings - mayonnaise
- ③ no sugar drink, e.g. no soda (not even diet)
- ④ no iodine, no shellfish
- ⑤ No greasy, oily or fried foods
e.g. no potato chips
pizza
French fries
fried chicken, etc



"You have what?" shouts your mother, and you slink in embarrassment as a face peers around to stare at you from the next phone booth.

"Mother," you say in a controlled voice, "It's not V.D., but rather anemia. It comes from eating poorly . . . You know . . . no vitamins . . ."

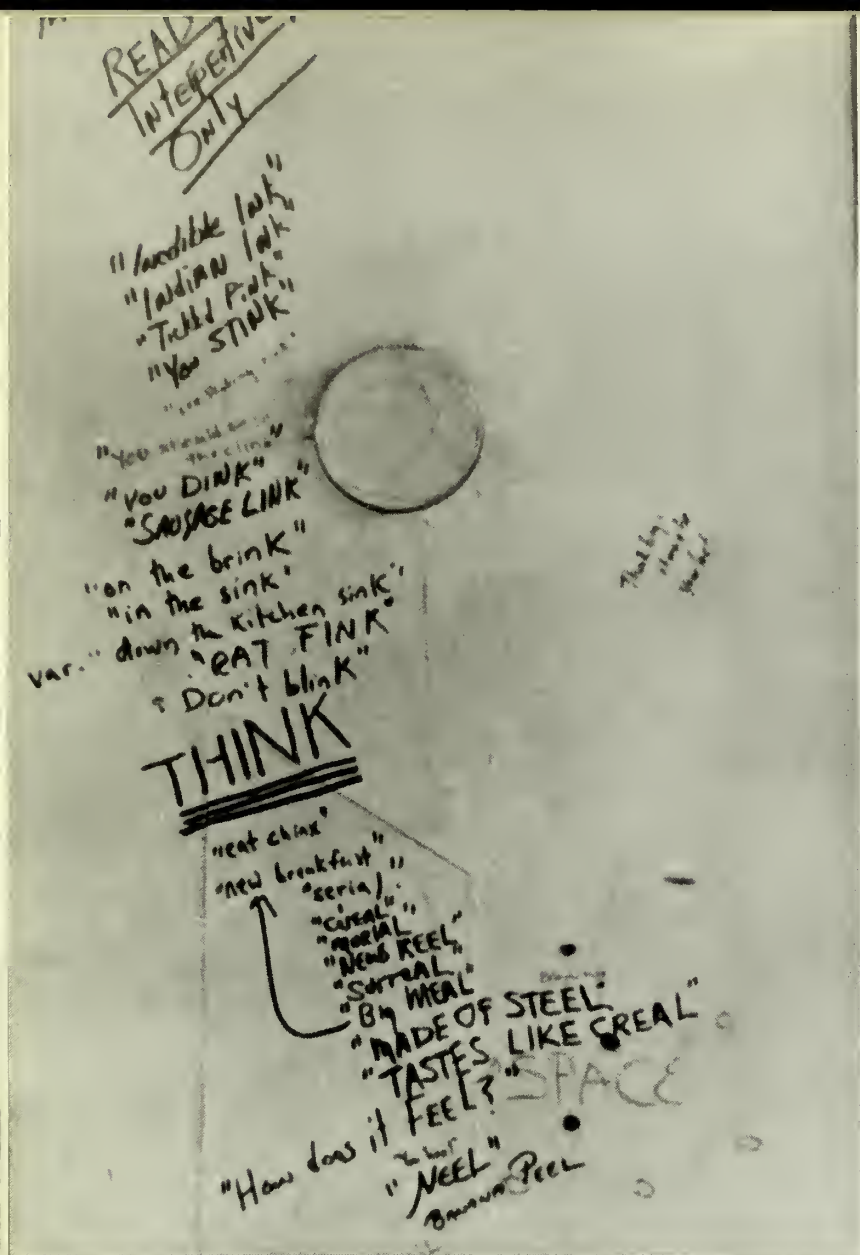
Most of us never actually become anemic, but there is no question that the dorm situation affects our diet, and ultimately our health and waistlines. One either gains 15 pounds after consuming vast quantities of starch at Hewitt or munching out during heavy pot smoking sessions and/or finals; or loses 15 pounds trying not to share food with the obsessive eater in your suite, or trying to cook nutritious meals with a single hotplate and \$15 a week. Well, there's always Tom's, where the effete meet to eat.





Roberta Spagnola, Assistant Dean for Residence Halls





Each semester there is a turn-over in the dorms. The quiet people are driven away to the quiet floors. The floor rowdies are driven away to condemned buildings uptown. The quiet ones thought they could keep the noise down by politely expressing displeasure, via Centrex, about the playing of handball against their wall. ("Hello, this is your neighbor. The one with the 9:00 chem class. Need I say more?") The rowdies thought they could drive the quiet ones away, and thus preserve the true tradition of dorm living, by turning their stereos up and using the fire extinguisher liberally on anyone in the shower. By the second semester, the rowdies have convinced quiet people elsewhere to trade rooms with them, while the originally dissatisfied ones have traded with those impressed by the degenerate reputation of the floor. Thus stability and opposition are maintained at a certain level, and everyone has the opportunity of learning new faces.

The first few days, everyone is polite and smiles a lot, saying things like "Good morning" and "How are your classes?" After a while, things loosen up and new neighbors introduce themselves by asking where you keep the liquor or if you'd like a sensual experience. You are doubtless pleased by this new frankness and honesty and wonder if these are the new outspoken students you've heard about. Tensions inevitably arise, though. The few people that are veterans of the floor band together and discuss ways to rid themselves of the new freshman or the husky parolee or operatic singer. If you live in a suite, you begin counting your silverware and locking your cabinet; if you live on a floor, you lock your door when you go to the can or to make a phone call. Little things about the newcomers annoy you, like how they have more money than you.

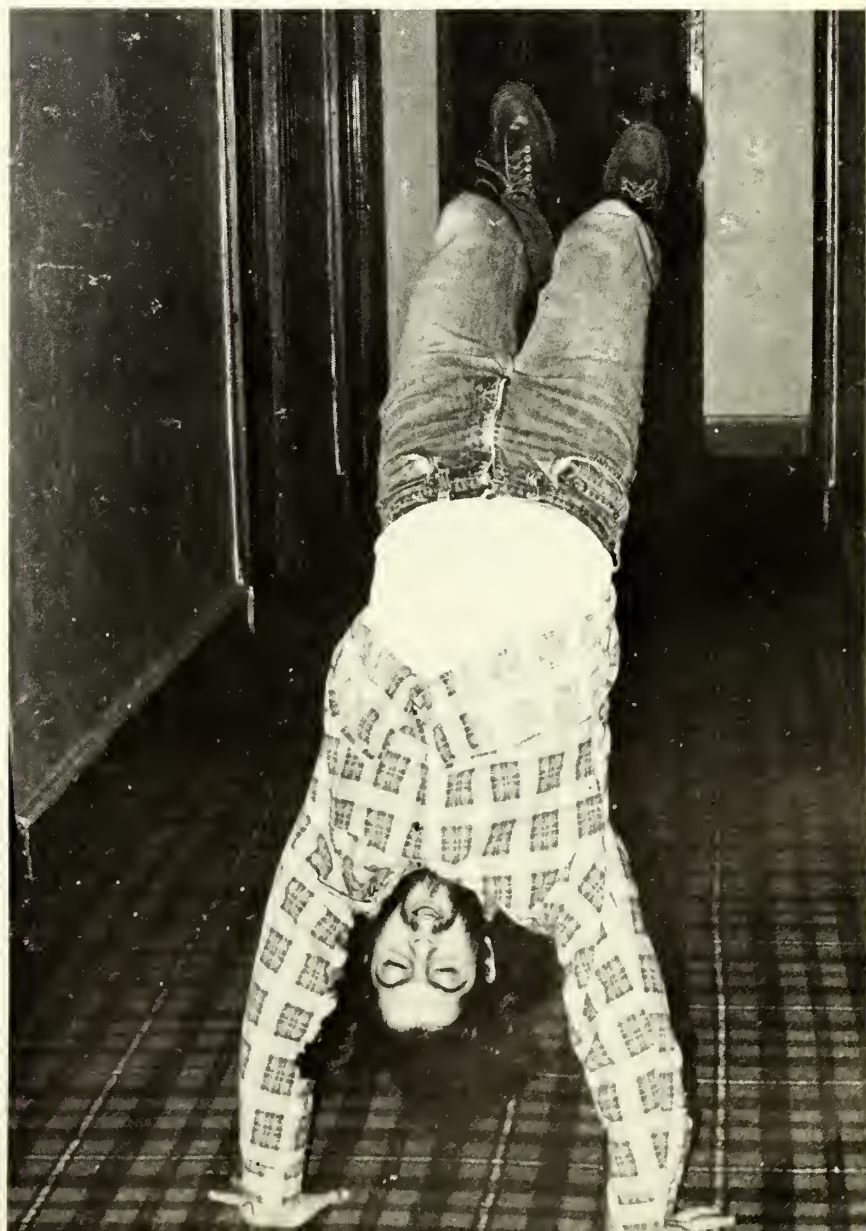


You have trouble learning names and keep calling everyone Jake or Martha. You loan all your money and course catalogues in hopes of friendship but don't remember to whom.

Learning to deal with strangers is a subject of much concern at Barnard. We think of relating to new people as a sort of mission; once we've established a friendly basis with someone we can get down to the serious business of ignoring them and using the far exit to avoid meeting them in the elevators. In getting to know a new suitemate or floor-mate, a good approach is to feign interest in their activities. If your new roommate writes for *Bulletin*, you assure her you read her articles all the time and that she'll be famous one day. If she is a photographer's model, you admire her prodigious beauty with only a slight touch of cynicism.

For a couple of days you tone down your personal habits that others may find annoying. Heavy on the pleasantries and light on the sarcasm. No monster impressions in the kitchen, no volleyball in the bathroom, no howling in the hall. After all, if you play too much classical music someone is bound to retaliate with country and western. Gradually you may slip back into your routine and be as raunchy and slothful and foul-mouthed as is your wont, and whoever doesn't like it can just rent a laundry cart and clear out.

A new face on the floor is a fun thing to have. Unless it belongs to a philosophy major who keeps dropping one-liners about the Universe, or a grub who talks biology over dinner and attends floor meetings with a briefcase. It's fun to see how they decorate their rooms — one like a gypsy camp with tie-dyed blankets all over the walls and incense burning on the window sill, one like a hotel room with a new cake of soap on the sink and a Bible on the dresser, another like a home-entertainment center with stereo, TV, tapedeck, Mr. Coffee and a huge backgammon board. And a few assorted horticultural hangouts.





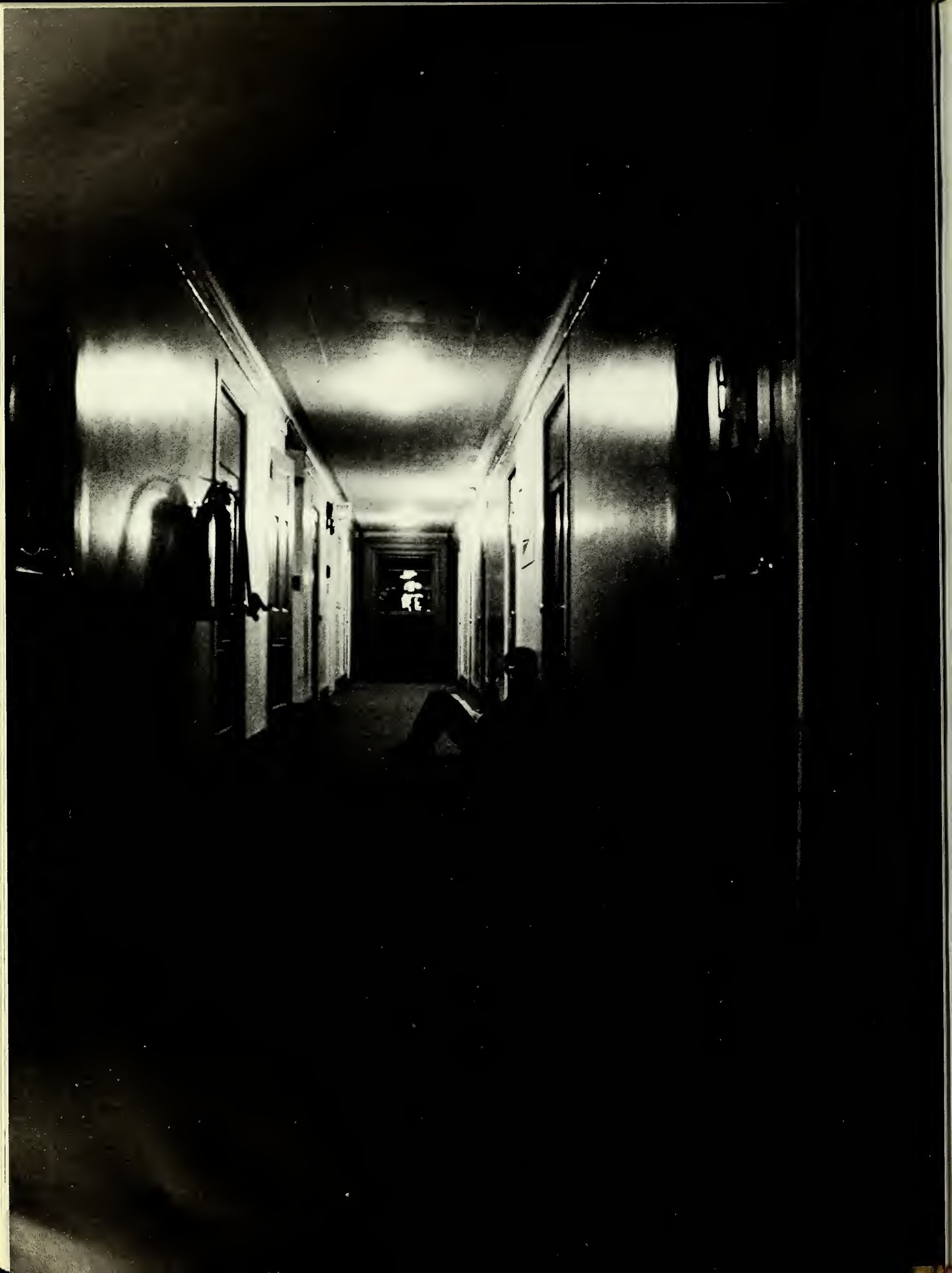
The floor. My floor. Our floor. Floor. Floor. Floor. That stinking word comes back to haunt me as I lie in my little cubicle at the end of each day. I can't decide if my room is my own little apartment, private and secure, or whether it is a part of a larger whole. (Where does the plaid carpet end and the linoleum begin?) Are the people surrounding me residents in my building, or are they part of a collective, picked-at-random family, with rights of intrusion into my life?





Sharing the bathrooms and showers with the boys down the hall; watching the women come, or more frequently, watching the women leave their rooms in great haste; listening to their music (B.B. King if they're down, Stevie Wonder for good times); I must know at least as much, if not more, than their mothers. Brothers. I guess it makes us a family, doesn't it?





RETREAT.



After Washington's retreat in 1776, he met his officers at Fraunces' Tavern to bid them a fond farewell. You can bet the battle was forgotten amidst the freely flowing ale. Students too, need time away from the battle with books. And whether they be mudsliding in Southfield, streaking across campus, spending Thursday nights at C.D.R. or enjoying the varied cultural attractions of 'the City', it is a time to forget about the process of thinking and to learn to let go.

In
the
big
Apple.



Central Park Zoo





Rockefeller Center



St. Patrick's Cathedral

New York Public Library



At Lincoln Center

And for those sophisticated Barnard women with money or wealthy beaux, New York City holds enough diversions to make one entirely forget they are even attending school. The cultural life varies from funky Soho, to the Village, to the glamour at Lincoln Center, and to the excitement of Broadway.

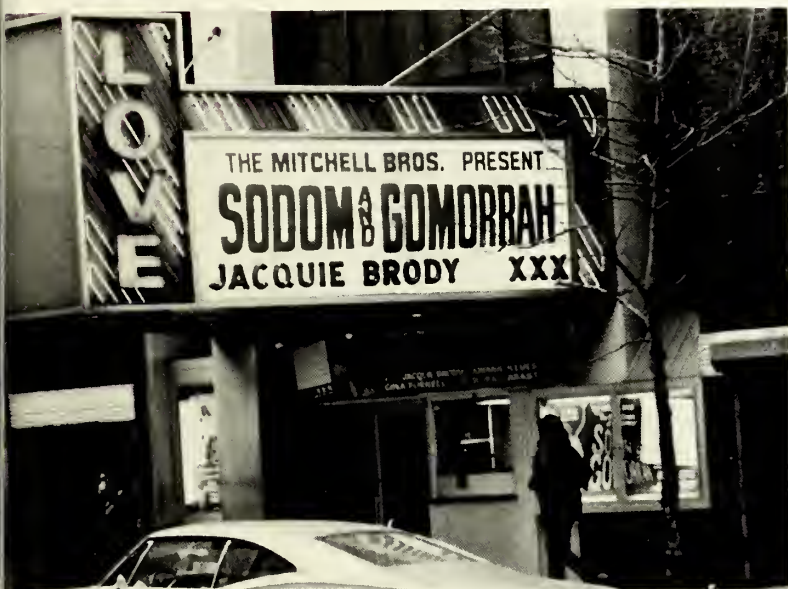




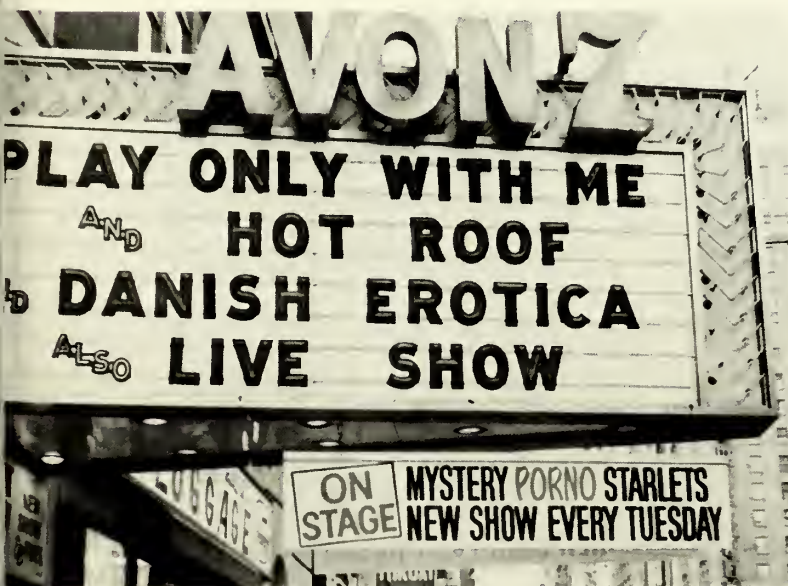


ON
BROADWAY





42nd st.

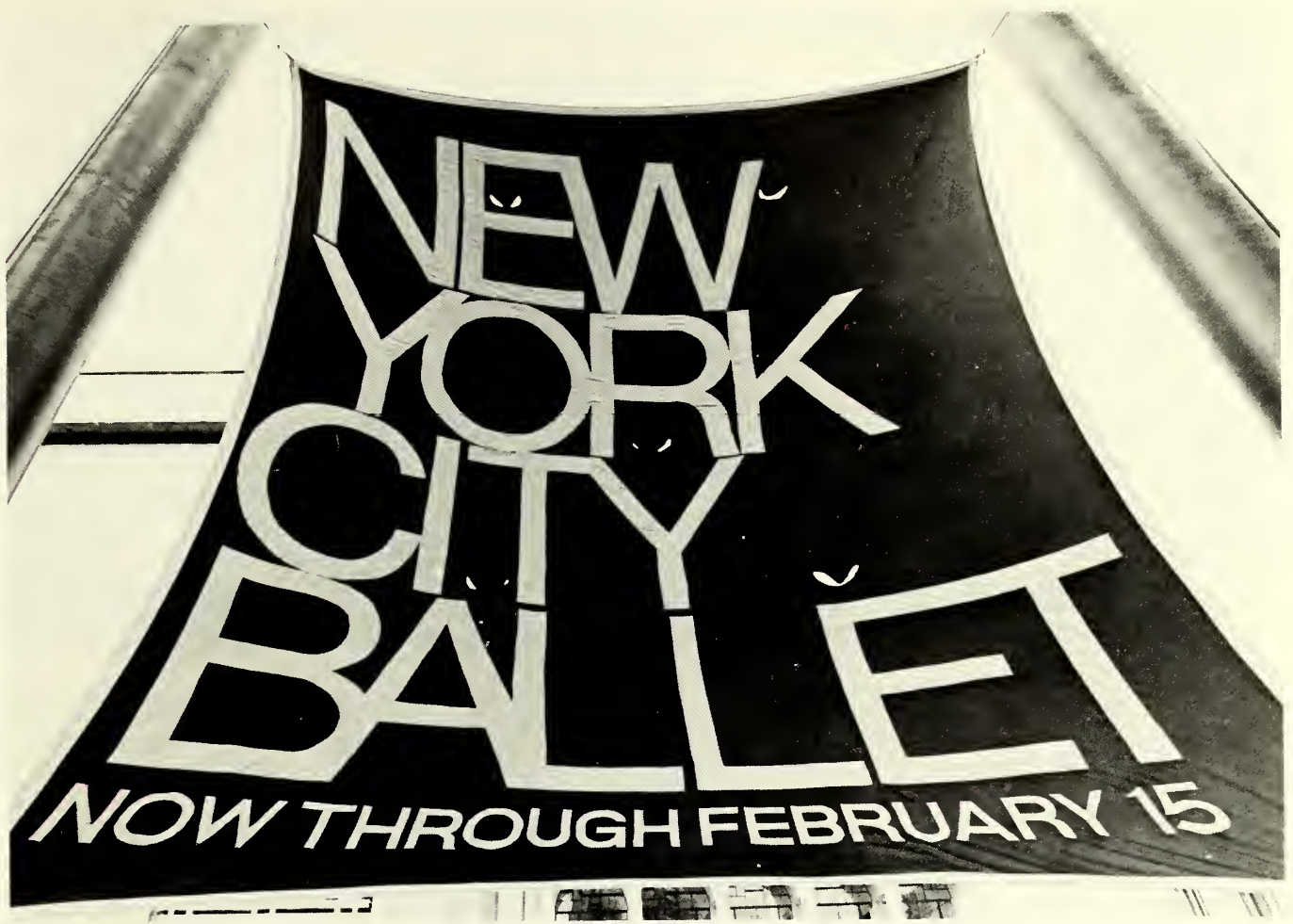




dance,
dance,
dance!



New York City also offers the best in dance, with companies such as the Joffrey, New York City Ballet, and the Martha Graham Dance Co., all based there. In fact, many women came to Barnard just for the excellent opportunities to view as well as participate in the dance world of N.Y.C. Barnard offers dance as a major in program in the arts.



Barnard students are overworked, underpaid and under huge pressure. Of course that explains Thursday night at CDR, where a typical Morningside Heights weekend begins.

If you like a genuine pub atmosphere, then Lord knows why you want to go to CDR, or why it has become a campus tradition. CDR is a luncheonette. Unless it is packed so full that you are squashed behind the juke box, it is inescapable that it is only a luncheonette, and you may forget yourself and order a Sprite. CDR lends itself to being packed on Thursday, at the expense of the "mingling" quality many find conducive to meeting people. Once you've found your niche at CDR it is impossible to leave it; if some of your group go back for a refill at the bar, chances are you won't see them again until sometime Friday afternoon. CDR is a great place to get beer spilled on your coat and to meet F.I.T. chicks.

The frat party is a sad sort of situation. You may have convinced yourself that you attend it to get drunk or watch the funny faces, but your presence is actually due to a stilted social life. The women arrive at a fashionably late hour to give the guys a chance to line up against the wall with their hands in their pockets. The guys are there to get drunk and to get laid and are going about the former with a vengeance; the women are there to develop a meaningful relationship and get drunk and are going about the latter with a passion.

The dancing starts late and threatens to continue non-stop to unintelligible disco music. The women get cornered by local high school seniors. New people come in late, trip over the broken front stoop and pretend they are just stopping in on their way to a better party elsewhere. They accomplish this striking deception by striding masterfully through the crowd looking unperturbed, completely in control of the situation. They explain that they were supposed to meet someone here, a business deal of some sort. They gradually blend into the scenery like the stuffed moosehead over the fireplace. A frat party is a

great place to get beer spilled on your coat and to meet F.I.T. chicks.

Now just what is the problem with these F.I.T. chicks? The campus is inundated with them on weekends. They can be distinguished from Barnard women by their clothes and the thickness of their makeup. They wear the latest Paris fashions a la Korvettes to McAc dances and spend half the night in the can fixing their eyeliner and discussing the cute Columbia guys. They are motivated to frequent our parties, I suppose, by some obscure notion of the prestige of latching onto an Ivy League pre-med. They simper and smile alot.

Not to be overlooked are the student-faculty cocktail parties. Here you do not carouse wildly. You get slowly plastered on daintily mixed drinks and converse with your favorite professors. You discuss polite topics and munch popcorn in the well-lit Brooks living room. Before long, your professors are glassy-eyed, if not reeling, and are referring to the light fixtures as the underside of a cow, and their students as empty-headed blasphemers. The music will tend towards innocuous shopping-center fare. If you are looking to pick up an F.I.T. chick, this is not the place.

For the ultimate in raunchy experiences, there are Carman floor parties. Pretzels and roaches crunch equally underfoot. The sort that frequents these Carman brawls are of questionable gender and political affiliation. The sound system is a complex arrangement of clock radios. Conversation is slow until the enthusiastic second-stringers start reminiscing about that one touchdown back in September.

After a few weekends of Columbia partying, you'll be glad to get back to those grub rooms. If partying here does nothing else, it helps us appreciate our workload.



"I went to Holly House as a freshman and haven't been there since . . . I feel the same way about Carman."



The King's Pub



The Burning of the Yuletide log.



Martha's famous teas.









BUST OUT!



Above:
Mudslide Victim

To the left:
Streaker



B.O.M. Ski Trip.

LEADING THE ACTIVE LIFE



Squash in the new University gym.



Bowling at McIntosh Center

SWEATING IT OUT.



The Barnard experience often seems analogous to a combination dinner without ice cream at Moon Palace. You get the toil and the trouble, but the pleasure's a la carte. Tuition, fees, room and board, rising cost of food, clothing, books . . . Dare we sweeten this oppressive fare with a pinch of New York fun?

—Getting
by—



THE NEW YORKER





"Where is reality?" asked the philosophy major.
"Turn left at the main gate and proceed forty, maybe fifty paces," was the sagacious reply.

This is no rustic setting, no Southern hospitality type of town. Barnard's campus is not enclosed by tall black iron gates for artistic effect. We rub shoulders with Harlem and the charming Morningside Park. Our mothers call long distance after reading the morning paper to make sure the coed who was shot and found near the West Side Highway is of no relation. Barnard women coming from small towns spend their freshman year cowering behind locked doors, trusting to God and the BHR security system for protection.

MORNINGSIDE DRIVE





Morningside Park Entrance

Amsterdam Avenue





THE MERCENARY SOLDIERS

There is another kind of reality in the city besides physical danger. Lack of bread. (Aren't you eating well?" asks mom, worried.) New York City is Barnard's laboratory, remember?





But the cost of all that lab equipment is a greater depressant at times than exams. Necessities in the city — liquor, theatre, movies and restaurants — are prohibitive in cost.









The Barnard Babysitting Service.



Money —

Degrade it all you like as a capitalist institution, the root of all evil, etc. It's still something we would all like to acquire. In large quantities. A Barnard student starts out preferring death over being a file clerk, but soon adjusts her sights to a more realistic level. Starving artists are all very well and nice, but high-paid typists have something going for them, too. Marketable skills are not to be conserved during these penniless undergraduate years.

If it is impossible to envision yourself as a typist, clerk, or taxi driver, you can always resort to that bastion of adolescence — babysitting.

"I won't be confined in the home!" shouts the feminist.

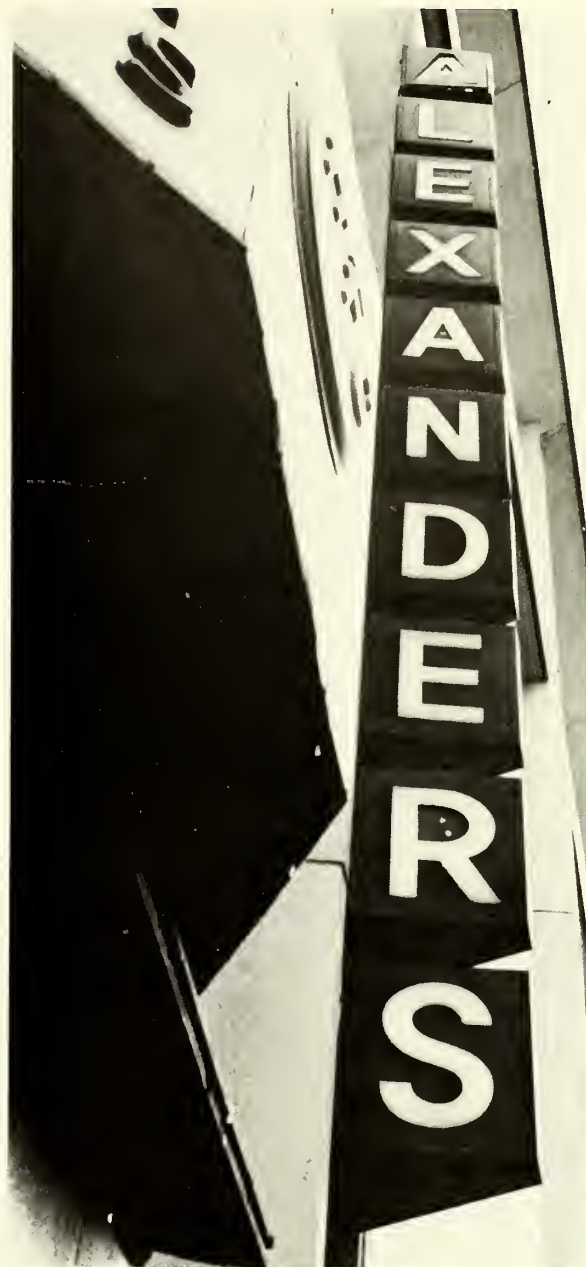
"Who can turn their nose up at \$2.00 an hour?" replies the realist.

Some seek jobs downtown. These pay higher and provide a change of scenery for the student who is tired of quadrangles.

"I hear there are old people and children out there somewhere," says one such student in disbelief. The student who works "downtown" has a certain prestige. She is a traveller, a woman of the world. She calls her place of work her office, as in, "Well, you can reach me at my office in case of emergency," and, best of all, she has access to the office machinery — postage meters, Xerox machines, and IBM Selectrics.

AMERICA FOR 31 DERFUL





Saks it ain't.

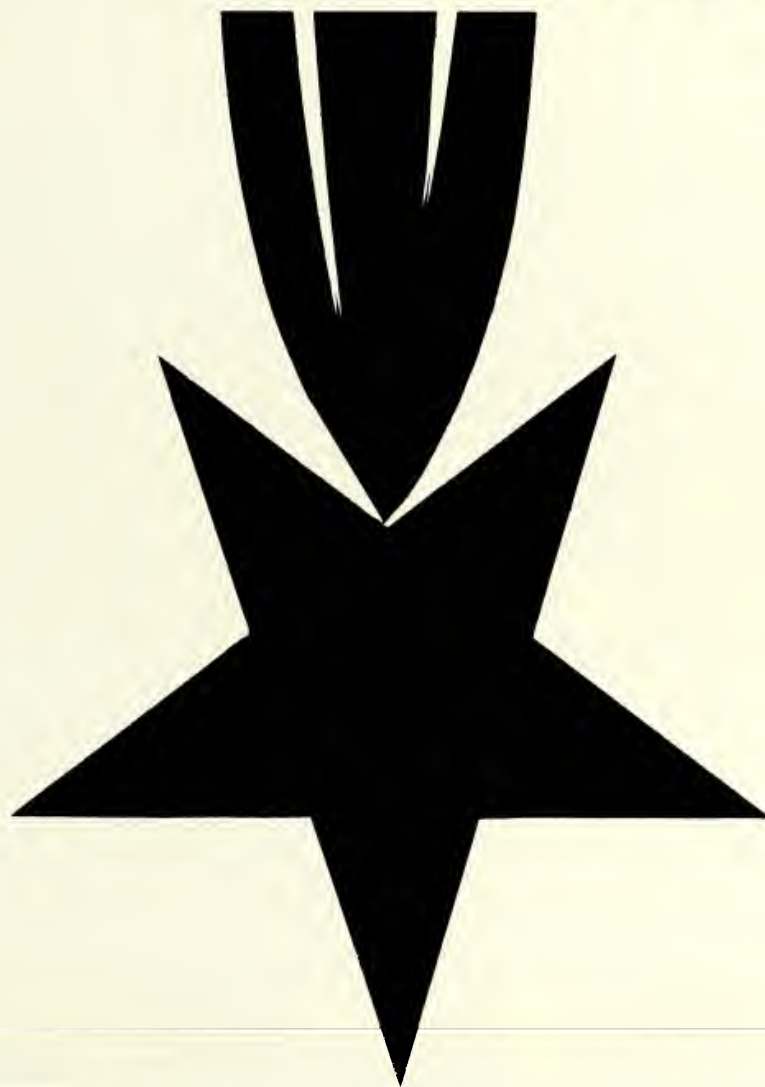
Inflation hit everybody hard. In the cultural center of the east, it is a shame to hear the commonly recurring theme of boredom around the University on weekends. It's just less expensive to be bored. A worse plight than the student who can't afford a movie, is the student who can't afford tuition. Almost all of us fall into that category, but we take out loans and hold down odd jobs during free hours to supplement the income. In any case, an increasing number of students leave Barnard each year for financial reasons.





As the years pass, we feel more secure. We are not, one hopes, the paranoid women we are depicted as in the underground college guides. The university area happens to be better patrolled than many of the "safe" neighborhoods we come from. We cannot live our lives in fear of the Big City and so we learn to cope with occasional obscene phone calls or harrassment on the subways. It all works out, eventually . . .

VOLUNTARY ENLISTMENT.



8.

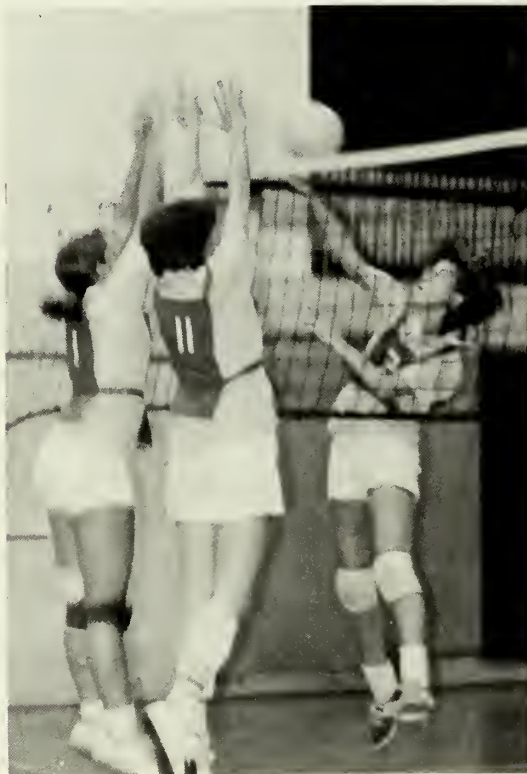
Even if you have exhausted all your funds and Fun City appears more and more like Terror City to you, don't despair. There's a haven of free fun and excitement in store for you behind the Ivy walls and iron gates of Broadway. Just because you are carrying a full course load, working twenty hours a week, commuting, and pre-med is no reason not to take advantage of Barnard's extracurricular activities. There are many to choose from, so that whatever your interest — be it sports, languages, politics, feminism, journalism — there is a club awaiting your enthusiasm, money and sweat.

Following a national trend of increased interest in women's sports, student athletes at Barnard have worked hard to gain recognition from the college community and the financial support necessary to implement desired sports programs. The battle was won during the spring election of 1975, when the students voted their approval of the proposed intercollegiate program.

The Council on Intercollegiate Athletics was set up and Ms. Marion Phillips of the Physical Education Department was appointed to the newly-created post of Director of Athletics. The Council chose three sports clubs to be the "pilot" teams coached by pro-

fessionals and to share the fund created by the student vote. Basketball, swimming and volleyball were chosen because a large number of students could participate on these teams and because they had long-standing traditions at Barnard.

Barnard has always had club sports and many of the clubs competed on the intercollegiate level. But they did so without Barnard's full support. Barnard intercollegiate athletes need no longer worry about bake sales or taking subways to distant games. They can now devote their full energies to their sports.





Basketball, swimming, and volleyball however, are not the only sports at Barnard. Students have formed teams for archery, fencing, gymnastics, crew, field hockey, sailing, riding, tennis, and bowling. These teams are officially known as clubs and are represented in the Recreation and Athletic Association. They receive funds from Undergrad, but most do not receive nearly as much as they need to participate in a strong intercollegiate schedule. Many do anyway, though, raising money with ever-popular bake sales and contributions from team members' personal funds. These teams still face an uphill battle for support and recognition.





PERSONS WITH INFLAMED EYES,
NASAL OR EAR DISCHARGE, BOILS,
OR OTHER SKIN INFECTION
SHALL BE EXCLUDED FROM POOL.
N.Y.C. DEPT. OF HEALTH





Gilbert and Sullivan — PRINCESS IDA



WKCR



ORIENTATION



HOMECOMING

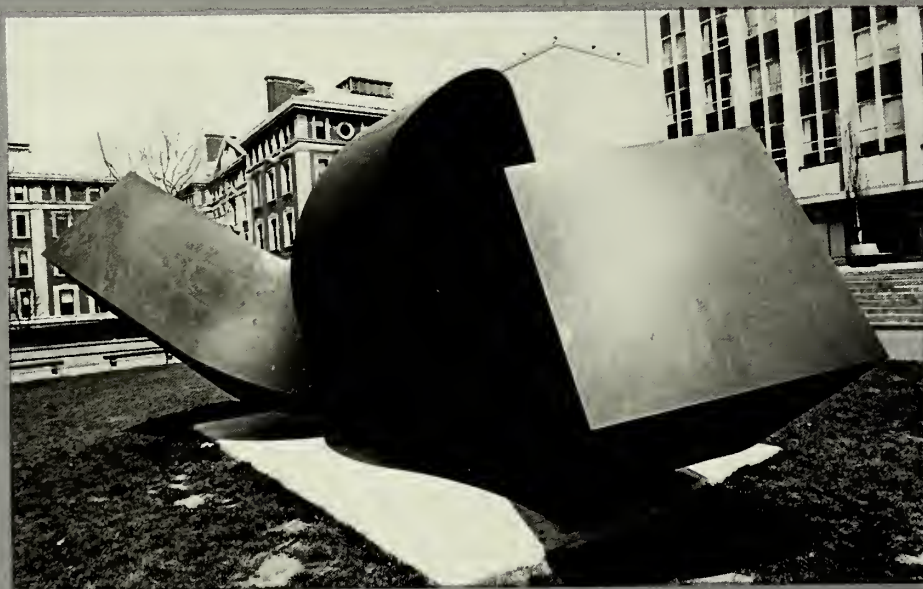


WINTER FESTIVAL



SPRING FESTIVAL





WIT

BATTLE OF THE SEXES.



Washington may have seen some tough skirmishes in his time, but nothing like the age-old Battle that goes on constantly between Columbia College and Barnard. Would Washington dare cross Broadway under such fire as the Pouncey Proposal has ignited? Hell hath no fury like a feminist scorned.



The war of the sexes on Morningside Heights is so much discussed and so much explained that almost any comment on it is a cliché. The presence of a feminist women's college near a huge paternalistic university results in much hostility and alienation on all levels. The threat of merger is a fact of life, and is a favorite topic of argument because it serves as a metaphor for the conflict between independence and subordination. We express our attitudes toward men by taking or avoiding Columbia courses, by living on the east or west side of Broadway. We have mixed classes and dormitories, but separate campuses, faculties, administrations, publications, and student organizations. If the institutions continue to model themselves on our attitudes, both total merger and complete separation seem unlikely.









The Barnard view of the Columbia Asshole.

They come in as scrawny teenagers with acne and cowlicks and turn into scrawny pre-meds with personalized checks and briefcases. They're humorless, grubby and narrow-minded, interested only in grad schools and money. They suffer from nervous tics and paranoia. There's not a healthy, well-adjusted one among them, and to merge Colleges would mean having to mix with them.

The Columbia view of the Barnard Bitch.

They come in as snotty uptight girls with the latest fashions and turn into hard-up feminists with a rationalization for everything. Most conversational topics are beneath their consideration; they're humorless, grubby and narrow-minded, interested only in grad schools and money. They suffer from crash diets and paranoia. There's not a happy, fun-loving one among them, and to merge Colleges would mean lowering our academic standards.





From Either Side

In the Spring of 1972, Barnard College accepted us as her students, and we accepted Barnard as our college. In August, we arrived on campus — from Texas, from the Phillipines, and from 116th St. and Riverside. Some of us came for that revolution which had started at Columbia in 1968, some of us came for the excitement of New York City. Some of us wanted a women's college, others didn't care — none of us knew what that meant anyway. Many of us had one thing in common though; as Freshwomen we thought of ourselves as Columbia students. Now we are Barnard students — and much more aware of being at Barnard than any Columbia student ever was of being at Columbia.

Historically, the Barnard/Columbia relationship has not been free of difficulty. But the problems encountered in the 83 years prior to our admission, and the vigor with which they were dealt, were of a much different nature than the struggle which we have witnessed and been party to. This struggle has affected our relationship with our Columbia counterparts. The antagonism which filtered down to us was not the sibling rivalry of the past; coercive courting toward a forced marriage is a better metaphor for the Barnard/Columbia of 1972. Now, as we leave in this Bicentennial year, it seems as though the Battle of Harlem Heights is ending a 200 year moratorium, and even the *Spectator* saw fit to call the situation rape, a slow rape, but nonetheless.

Barnard has never been immune to what happens in the real world. As an institution with a proud history of education oriented toward the needs of women, Barnard had to change when the ideology at the basis of the feminist movement permeated society, and the roles and needs of women in that real world changed. To ignore feminism would have been to negate our purpose.

The need for women's colleges, geared to the needs of women, with female role models, women's sports, women's career counseling, has never been so great. The role of schools like Barnard in shaping the future of women has never been so vital. And yet the strength of women's higher education is being sapped. Pembroke and Jackson are but a memory, Radcliffe is on the way; Vassar is admitting men. One by one the members of the Ivy League were admitting women, until only Columbia was left. Women flock to the formerly all-male institutions, and why not? As men are superior to women, so then must a male institution be superior to a female institution, so the sophism goes.

Columbia did not admit women, and Barnard was not subsumed, but by September, 1972, the groundwork for 'increased cooperation' was being laid. When we entered Barnard, the question was whether this cooperation would lead to an eventual merger (a word not yet spoken aloud), or whether it would lead to the continued coexistence of a Barnard and a Columbia who cooperated where possible but not to the point beyond which Barnard ceased to be more than a name. Our class' role in answering this question has been significant.

Our introduction to Barnard was the first jointly run Orientation. If anything, Barnard's autonomy was played down. (The word autonomy has since been deleted from our vocabulary.) There were men in the dorms, couples lived together. English A was all-women, but we could — and did — take Columbia courses. Most activities were coed. But there was still a division

— and the warnings of wiser upperclasswomen about all the horny, sexist Columbia freshmen living in the zoo (Carman) didn't encourage us to coeducate, any more than did early experiences at the 'meat market', known as the Lion's Den. We were told that Columbia men considered us ugly, feminist intellec Is, especially compared to the F.I.T. "chicks" we were expected to snub.

We were discovering what being a woman did mean, we were thinking of what it could mean. We were trying to form those meaningful relationships with men, but our consciousness was being raised differently than theirs was. We were rejecting our traditional role without putting anything in its place.

In Barnard's fight for autonomy, we were getting screwed with an early Pass-Fail, the Squiggle, the Incomplete on the transcript — not to mention the everyday hassles with the Dean of Studies, Health Service, Registrar, Bursar and Housing. Nevertheless we were Barnard's recruits, drafted into fighting a battle we didn't quite understand.

As the relationship became more strained at the top levels, our relationships became more strained, not only with Columbia men, but with each other. We, like the administration and faculty, were far from reaching a consensus as to what it meant to be a women's college, to be liberated, to be a woman. Gradually we realized that the beauty of Barnard was that she could offer to her students a situation in which each of us could choose how coed her life would be. Forcing women to make a choice is in itself a feminist move. But was Barnard giving us the training, guidance and support necessary to make such a choice?

Martha Peterson, representing Barnard, had always dealt with Bill McGill, who represented Columbia. In June, 1975 she suddenly left us — defenseless, it seemed. Our school — for by now it was ours — was torn, by rumor, but torn just the same. We were divided. And Columbia followed its Classical Tradition: divide and conquer. Early in our Senior year Peter Pouncey called for admitting women to Columbia if Barnard would not merge. Theodore deBary suggested that only our faculty (our role models, Barnard's backbone), be absorbed.

The recommendations of the Curriculum Review Committee sounded very much like a Columbia curriculum. The Pass-Fail date was extended, and the Squiggle disappeared. Barnard had been put on the defensive. We had to justify our existence to Columbia when we had never done it for ourselves. Discussion is now going on at corporate, administrative, departmental and student levels with Columbia, as to how we will cooperate; but more important, to us, as to what Barnard as a women's college is, what it should be, and how we are going to get from where we are to where we want to be.

July 1, 1976 is an important date for Barnard: Jacquelyn Mattfeld assumes the office of the President, and the Barnard/Columbia agreement comes up for review. We will be alumnae by July 1st, and in that sense we will be part of Barnard's past. But Barnard's future as a women's college depends upon the answers to those questions we first asked on a hot day in August 1972. Our answers do not leave with us. And just as Barnard will always be part of us, we will always be part of Barnard.

— Gwyneth MacKenzie Murphy

Many people were shocked when they underwent their Freshman Orientation experience. Fresh from high school in the Deep South, I was ready to meet and establish a meaningful relationship with a syrupy Southern Belle type of a girl (weren't they all like that?). Surely the Barnard women I would meet would conform to my images of them, images shaped while riding down Jacksonville Beach every summer looking at the scenery. The shock hit me almost immediately. The first adjective I heard to describe Barnard women was *ugly*. This unfair generalization prevailed all of the discussions about them I was to hear for quite some time. The pseudonym "Barnyard" was humorously used in describing our female counterparts. Even worse, they were rumored to be completely liberated and thus intimidating to a man used to dominating a relationship. Before you even meet them, you have a vivid picture of an unappealing, intelligent grub type of woman who should be avoided at all costs.

Luckily I did not place five bolts on the door to my luxurious Carman suite to isolate myself from the dangers of these supposed candidates for the Bronx Zoo, but sallied forth to sample the joys of the Columbia-Barnard social life. Recovering from my initial orientation shock, I tried the infamous Lion's Den (a "meat market" according to most Barnard women), Carman floor parties (many women being afraid to set foot there — another example of rumors), and the circus-like fraternity parties (which always had 50 guys lined up at the keg and a few nervous women hiding in the corner). These crude attempts at achieving a comfortable social atmosphere between Columbia and Barnard were indeed dismal failures, the only thing I got out of them being a tremendous hangover the next morning. You couldn't help getting drunk at those things. I came to concentrate on other activities which allowed a much more relaxed social interplay in comfortable settings, ones which also attracted many more Barnard women. These included events at McIntosh, CDR on Thursday nights, and various Happy Hours in the dorms. At each of these gatherings you could actually talk to a Barnard woman without her shrinking away in fear of your supposedly ulterior motives. I quickly came to disregard the generalizations I had heard. Barnard women were real, they were certainly not animals, and a lot of them were really nice! I also burst forth from my shell and explored the interesting aspects of NYC, from the Olympia Theater right down the street (two good movies for a buck) to the cultural benefits of Broadway theater and other entertainments. These too provided a fine atmosphere for real interpersonal relationships. Recently through the hard effort of Geoff Cummings and others we have an almost perfect social institution now at Columbia, the King's Pub. The excellent atmosphere there along with really low beer prices, has served to drive the aforementioned Lion's Den into extinction, and represents a much-needed forward step on the Columbia-Barnard social scene. But why did they wait to our senior year to open it?

However, many Columbia men, intimidated by the stereotyping of Barnard women or else seeking women "more like those back home" chose to associate with women from other NYC schools. FIT, Finch (now defunct), and the Nursing School women were attracted to Columbia social life, and Barnard women developed a distaste for them. You didn't need a program at a party to tell what school a woman came from. FIT women were criticized for trying a bit too hard to be fashionable and being stupid (the flip hairstyle and the green fingernails always gave them away), Finch women for being too rich and classy and letting you know it (one always heard it repeated that Tricia Nixon Cox went there), and Barnard women for not being feminine enough (one gets a little sick of seeing jeans all the time). Each held an attraction for a certain type of guy. Barnard women developed a low regard for Columbia men who associated with these women from other schools, thereby causing a rift between the two schools.

Another cause of misunderstandings is the emphasis here on sexual relationships. Columbia men place an extreme amount of importance on the physical aspects of a relationship. While some women enjoy this aspect and in fact build an entire relationship around sex, others view this as sexist domination, a product of our male chauvinist upbringings. The college image of sex as being free, uncomplicated, and fun doesn't always mesh with the varied sexual backgrounds of Columbia and Barnard students.



Relationships of Columbia men with Barnard women tend to be relatively free of the pressures usually associated with such relationships. Due to our almost total rejection of marriage at an early age, the pressures which usually accompany such a trend are missing. This allows one to develop a more meaningful and deeper relationship with a person of the opposite sex, free of the game-playing and superficiality of many such relationships. Of course, such game-playing and superficiality do exist, but many more relationships are established at a higher intellectual level.

In looking back over my four years of associating with Barnard women, I feel that once I was able to cut through the superficiality, generalizations, and rumors alluding to them, I was able to establish meaningful relationships with some and become good friends with others. Some future improvements in the social relationship between the two schools can be made (making 616, BHR, and Carman completely co-ed, more "Pub"-type efforts utilizing price breaks for students, etc.) to ease the gulf of misunderstanding which exists now. We need many more chances for interaction between the schools in order to completely understand and enjoy one another. I have learned a hell of a lot about myself and matured considerably due to interactions with Barnard women. A freer social atmosphere would benefit everyone involved in this manner. No, Columbia, the iron fences of Barnard are not (as rumored) to keep the "Barnyard" women inside, but they can serve as an impregnable barrier between us if we let them.

— Bob Utz



of Broadway.



"Feminism is the theory, lesbianism the practice." Three or four years ago (depending on who tells the story) a few might-be lawyers got together with some aspiring gym teachers; Lesbian Activists at Barnard was founded and has been practicing on various theories ever since. Consistent with at least the first and last parts of its nomenclature, each year commences in wild debate: "are we activists? are we political? social? are we we? am I anyway?"

Despite this strident confusion, LAB has validated its existence with readings by lesbian writers, dances and concerts, political speakers, and panels on lesbianism. LAB has functioned as part of the Barnard community by spreading a little sunlight into the closet and a few more flyers on the walls. Members graduating this year can look back on their years at Barnard as time spent pushing, slouching and being shoved toward consciousness — never an easy task but certainly less harrowing than going it alone. With all seriousness aside, it has been speculated that LAB's true self-definition can be located somewhere between the Sunday brunch meetings in 620 and the indeterminate time in the future when the housing office sanctions and supports gay suites the way it does other special interest groups.

— Elizabeth Horan





"When Barnard College alumna Margaret Mead was here in May, she was remembering that when she attended Barnard, a woman had to wear a hat and gloves to cross Broadway. It is a little bit easier to cross Broadway now; gloves are not required. But today it is not necessary to have on a pair of gloves to remind you that, whichever side of the street you happen to be on, you are a Barnard student.

In answering the needs of women, Barnard has gone through much change. It is no longer a finishing school for nice young ladies. We are very serious about our education and about using it to build our futures. We are not here to meet a successful man. We will be successful on our own."

— Gwyneth MacKenzie Murphy



THE VETERANS.



10.



ANGELA M. AIELLO



ENOLA G. AIRD

BETHANIE T. ALHADEFF

CAROL-ANN ALLEN





TERRI F. APFELBAUM

NANCY A. ANDERSON



BERTHA K. ARMSTEAD



LINDA M. AUER



The class of 1976 is career-oriented, individualistic and practically apolitical. Most of us are better dressed than college students of the last decade. Most of us are sexually liberated, and not too many anticipate getting married within a year or two. A few of us prefer women to men; very few of us are totally male-oriented. We call ourselves feminists, and each defines the term according to who she is. Generally we don't want to clean house and raise kids fulltime. Too many of us want to be doctors and lawyers — job security and good salaries are harder to find than usual. We talk about relationships more than anything else, and about grades and scores and job options and admission or rejection from graduate and professional schools.

— L.L.

CAROLYN D. AUFSES



MARTHA F. BAKOS



The search for order makes Barnard a pressure-cooker, and makes seniors very nervous. A few years ago students were less anxious about themselves and their futures. They were no more able than we to make big decisions, to know their goals and abilities, but they were relatively unconcerned about it. During the late sixties, college students revolted against the values of parents, teachers, and government. They took drugs, became promiscuous, wore second-hand clothing, went on strike, and formed communes. Many changes occurred at Barnard and Columbia after the strikes; among them was a drift toward conservatism, compliance, cynicism, and individualism. We have abandoned the idealism of our predecessors, but we no longer trust the institutions which govern us. We need a sense of order and security, but we accept it with a sneer. We emerge from alienation long enough to get an education and a job.

— L.L.

SHARON D. BANKS



HEATHER A. BARKLEY

DORYS J. BARBAN





HELEN L. BENNETT

KAREN S. BIVENS



MONA BERGEN

MARINA D. BIZZARRI





BARBARA E. BLACK

ROBIN C. BLUMENFELD



GWENDOLYN C. BLAYLOCK

LISA BORG





To those of us who came to Barnard filled with romantic notions about the student strikes of 1968 and 1970 — our own college experience has been a disappointment. The class of 1976 did not start any revolutions. The Revolutionary Student Brigade made a few puerile attempts; there were a few Zionists, a few supporters of the Student Committee Against Racism, and a few UFW advocates, but the political pickings were slim, to say the least.

If there ever was an apolitical act, it was streaking. In the year of the Watergate scandal, demonstrative student behavior was more frivolous than ever. Bare asses in front of Low Library announced utter cynicism. No one had watched the televised hearings the preceding summer. The only audible response to the incredible corruption of the government was, "Of course. We knew it all along." No one talked about Watergate, or kept up with the emergence of evidence, or took a stand on it. No one defended the government or opposed it. We were alienated from political action and ambivalent about the status quo.

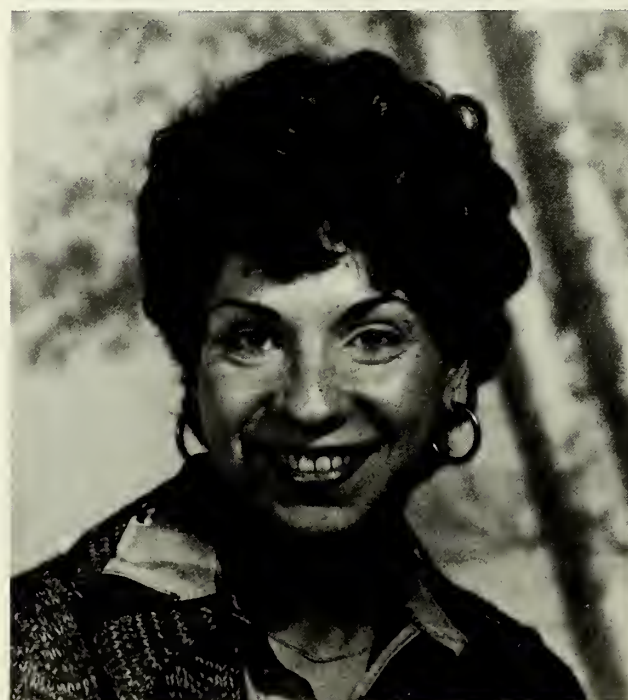
— L.L.



BARBARA J. BRADLEY

JANET R. BRAIN

LORRAINE BRANCATO



We were so filled with the prospects of graduating and putting these years of study to use, that we took on more worldliness than was advisable. We thought it was a great time to tell Mom and Dad about our participation in the sexual revolution.

Our first mistake was to assume that just because we considered ourselves liberated adults our parents would share this opinion. We forgot that back home, even if our hometown happens to be mid-Manhattan, our parents still think of the sexual revolution as something to do with Hippies, or an anti-morality campaign sponsored by the Communists. We hoped for their understanding and congratulations on learning their daughters have been living with their lovers for the past few years. "You remember that roommate of mine who was always out of town when you were visiting?" we ask. But Mom and Dad aren't ready for news of this kind just yet, not for another fifty years at least, or until they stop thinking of you as "the kid." Mom greets the revelation by removing your pictures from the family album, and Dad by refusing to look you in the eye. Understand that the parents of college seniors are going through a difficult period, and not too much can be expected of them.

— J.B.



DEBORAH A. BRANCIFORTE

MARIAN C. BURNBAUM





ILANA BURSTEIN



ELANA R. BUTLER

DOLORES M. CAPECE



ANNE R. CAPLAN





MARIANNA CHAIKOVSKY



JUDITH CARDOZO



SANDRA CASKIE



PATRICIA M. CAYCEDO



LIZA C. MAY CHAN



SUSAN M. CHARNELLE

SHELLEY K. CHARNOFF

LINDA H. CHASZAR



MARY CHEN



ROBERTA M. CHIASCIONE

DIANA A. CHIN



EVELYN CHIN



When we entered Barnard four seemingly remote years ago, we had a vision of our futures abounding with endless golden opportunities, of successful independent careers, of breaking down all barriers to women in the outside male chauvinist dominated real world. The last thing we expected was to feel pressure to get engaged or to procure a marriage license to hang alongside our B.A. But oddly enough, there are some of us who, when we hear that occasional snide remark: "She's 21 and still unattached," outwardly feign indifference while inwardly feel embarrassed and defensive. One would think that the '70's had brought us a new awareness of self that placed us above the reach of such taunts. Perhaps we still do exist above them and have not entirely forsaken our individual aspirations to comply with social pressure. Our perturbing sentiments arise from the confusion that now enshrouds our once clearly defined educational and career aims.

The Columbia bachelor's degree we receive as Barnard graduates does not open as many doors as easily as it used to. The inundation of college graduates into the slim job market leaves us with dim prospects of early employment in our fields. Graduate, medical, and law school admissions grow tighter and tighter. After four years of working toward the realization of our cherished goals, we now have to postpone the fulfillment indefinitely.

GEE YING CHING



What will we do come May? Some of us may return home to live with our families, either of our own volition or because of compelling financial straits. Although we may be glad to go back home again, a slight sense of frustration accompanies the thought of turning the clock back four years and relinquishing much of the independence acquired from residing at college, from having to make your own bed, your morning toast, and your own decisions.

Some of us will get our own apartments. We will have privacy and retain our independence. But we will no longer have the security and comfort of being surrounded by two thousand peers. And maybe that's why we find ourselves thinking about marriage and emotional commitment a lot more than we would like. With ambiguity clouding our future and so many questions left unanswered, we're probably more frightened of feeling lost and lonely than of not having a diamond to adorn our finger.

— P.T.

TAMARA I. CHOMA



AMY R. COHEN



ZORAIDA COLON





DEBORAH L. COMPOS



JOYCE A. COOPER

KAREN CORNELL



CAROLE CRANMER



HILARY CUSHING



MARY L. CRAWFORD



CAROL E. DALY



CAROLYN H. DAHAB





DIANE S. DE GERNIER



JANINE DELMATO

ARELIS A. DELOS-SANTOS

DEBORAH DEROW





REGINA T. DESSOFF

LENORE DI STEFANO



ELYSE A. DI STEFANO



PATRICIA R. DONOVAN





JOYCE DUNSTON



MARIANNE DURGAVICH



MIGNONE J. ECKSTEIN



BONNIE ECKSTEIN



ROBIN M. EHREMBERG



DEBBIE N. EIS



SHARON Z. ELBAUM



BARBARA G. EISNER



JOYCE R. ELLMAN



RENA J. EPSTEIN



BETH FALK



PRISCILLA J. FEAGLES



SUSAN D. FEIN



ANN FENICHEL



SALLY E. FENLEY



ELAINE R. FERARU

LINDA Y. FISCH



ELLEN C. FISHMAN



RITA C. FISHMAN



NINA L. FLEISCHMAN

Ah! The life of a senior . . .

At this point in our college career, we've finally acquired that single in Hartley, on campus side of course, or a private apartment in a great brownstone on 114th Street. Well . . . we might not all be so lucky, but nevertheless most of us are through sharing a triple in BHR or commuting two hours from Brooklyn every day. And now that we have acquired that smooth veneer which characterizes a Barnard Woman (just watch how those two words open doors for you), and have either been accepted to grad school, or have learned to juggle the hours of the day in order to fit studies, classes, jobs, and free time into our schedules, we can relax and spend some time with the man or men of our dreams.

"Ms. Felicia Co-ed, aged 21, single, intelligent and attractive, How's your love life?"
"Well, uh sputter, spurt, cough. You see, it's like this . . ."

"How's your love life?" — as if love and relationships could be controlled and measured by societal standards. "Another lover? And you say he is an architect student who paints?" Or, "a med student interested in photography? Marvelous dear! Another point for you." — Three consecutive points win you a year's subscription to *Ladies's Home Journal*. Although commercials may tend to rate a woman by her sex appeal and brand of toothpaste, the contemporary college woman no longer plans her love life to appease the status quo. That is, very few women "sleep around" as often as the media would have us believe. Of course there are times when one crawls into bed with a warm body after a night of drinking, but as we grow older, these times grow fewer.



DIANA E. FLESCHER



ARLENE FLOHR



CHRISTEL A. FORD



AMY S. FOX



JENNIFER A. FOX



MICHAL B. FRANKEL



AMALIA L. FRIED



JOANNE FRIEDLAND

HELENE FRIEDER



RISE E. FRIEDMAN



SUSAN L. FURFARO



AVIVA R. GANS

HARRIET S. GEFEN



KATHERINE C. GARRITY



THEA GELLER



BETH T. GELBER



GILDA GEN



DANIELA S. GERHARD



BETH D. GETTENBERG

ELLEN C. GIALONARDO



LINDA GINSBERG



REGINA M. GIUFFRIDA



PAULA L. GLICKMAN

JOAN GLAZER



REBECCA S. GLIKSMAN



SUSAN A. GLOVER



PAMELA J. GOODGAL



JUDITH J. GOLDWYN



AMBER GORDON

SUSAN E. GORDON

ELIZABETH GORSKI

LOIS GOTTESMAN





KRISTA GOTTLIEB



PAULA GRAMMAS

ROBYN J. GRAYSON





CHERYL B. GREENBAUM

SHARON L. GREENE

GLORIA E. GREENSTEIN





SUSAN A. GRIFFITHS

BARBARA E. GUTIERREZ



JEAN R. GROSSER





GLORY L. HAHN

BARBARA M. HEUBEL

DENISE D. HARRIS



LUCINDA A. HARRIS

ESTHER J. HERNANDEZ





DOROTHY A. HICKS
CAROLINE M. HILL





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SANDRA J. INGRAM

There was a time when you were flattered at being singled out to be "pennied in" or squirted with the fire extinguisher in the shower, but that was ages ago. Or was it a few weeks ago? One seems to mature much faster as a senior. Why is it these pesky sophomores must persist in such childish antics? Sure, you shaving creamed a few doors in your time, but that was good clean fun! Now it seems so infantile, so gauche, so uncalled for. Dorm life has lost its charm. Have you given up these silly antics, or have you merely lost that certain sort of enthusiasm forever? In any case, it must be admitted that being mauled, molested, drenched, and defiled on the way from the elevator to your room becomes monotonous and unpleasant after the first dozen times, and you are a veritable saint for having retained your sense of humor this long.



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It's all over, almost like a dream, the tense nights in Reid before the bio exams, the organic final that covered EVERYTHING, the "I haven't studied a thing yet, have you?"'s muttered in hopes that the yellow-lined orange Allinger wouldn't appear too obvious under your arm. Even the summers filled with laboratory work, hoping to tip the delicate medical school balance in your favor are over. This summer will be spent on a deserted island somewhere between New York City and Guadalajara.



SHARON R. KOUTCHER

But somehow for the Barnard senior pre-med, it is not all over. For her, some of the roughest problems are just beginning to emerge. Caught between the anxiety of applications and interviews and real doubts about the rightness of the medical profession for herself, the pre-med experiences some of the most difficult questions of her college career. It is a contemplative time filled with exhilarations and disappointments. Nothing can match the euphoria of the first acceptance or the desperation of the waiting.

— T.Y.



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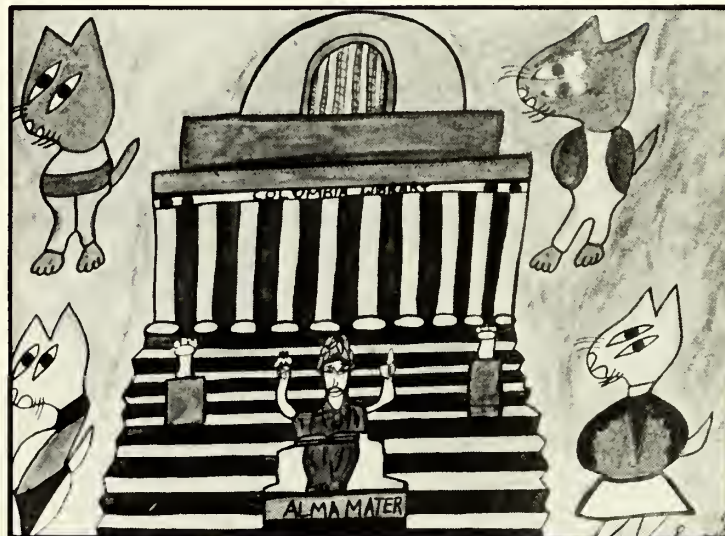




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By the fourth year of college, we lose our awe of the Professorship. Visions of unspeakable tortures and deprivations no longer cross our minds when we miss deadlines. We may not come out and say, "Listen, prof, take it or leave it," but we begin to assume the sort of bearing that says it all — that look the professors used to let us know it is not advisable to disturb them until they've replaced the coffee cup on the saucer. It crosses our minds that we're old enough, responsible enough, mature enough; in fact, we embody "enough" of those qualities our "betters" pointed out we lacked, to qualify for equal footing in that glamorous adult world. Ideally, no self-respecting senior should tremble at the frown of a professor.

— J.B.





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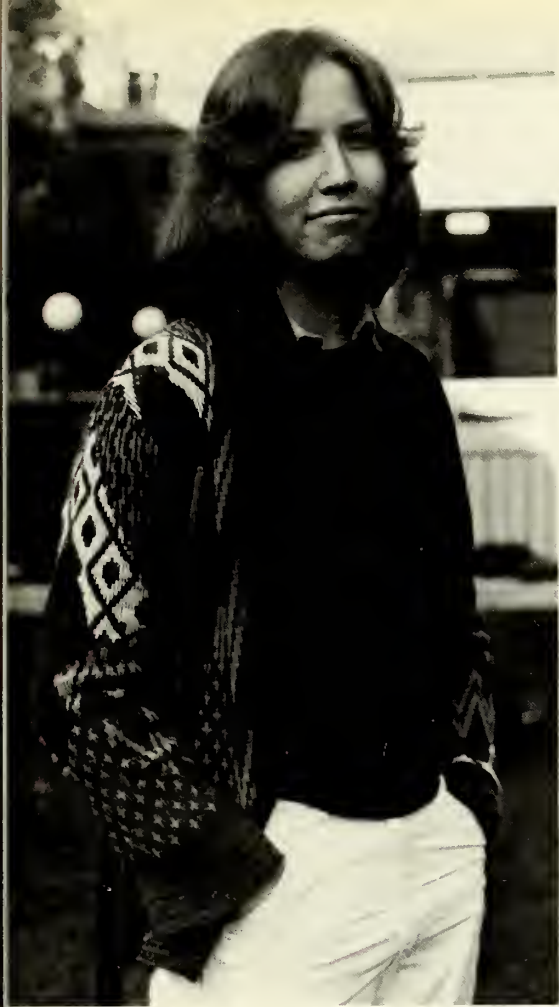
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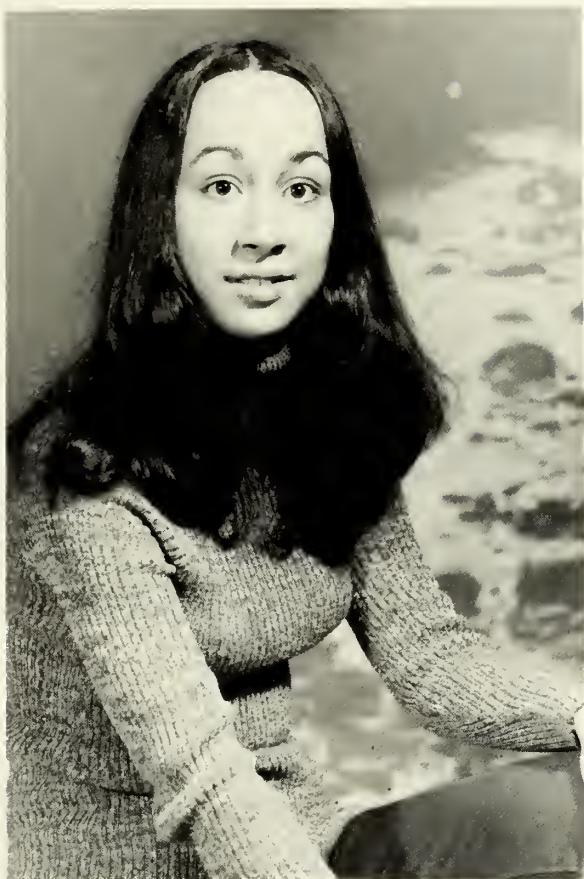


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Step right up ladies! Put your intelligence to the test. See if you can defy the mysterious and magnificent senior thesis deadline. Place your sanity on the line . . . Can you be dashingly original, astoundingly articulate, eminently scholarly — and all before that deadline creeps up? Few would brave such a test, fewer still live to recount their harrowing experiences. But what fun such daredevil academic acrobatics can be! And what greater entertainment could a young student living in New York City possibly desire? So remember ladies — the next time someone asks you out for a night on the town, just say, "Sorry, I'm busy," and return to that most sacred of all duties — the senior thesis.

— B.F.



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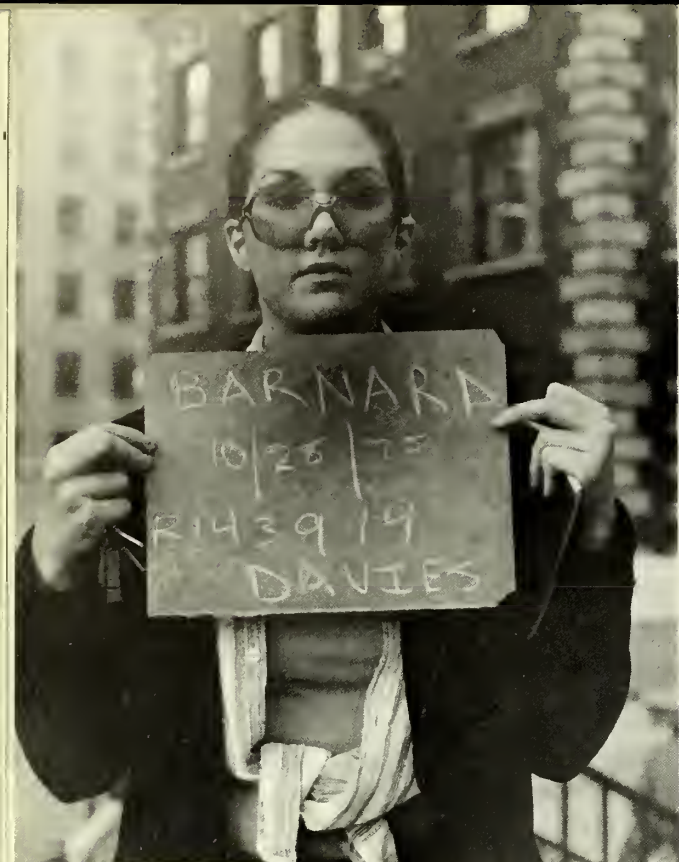


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LAURA K. SUNDERLIN

A senior is cool. One might just as easily call her self-assured air laziness, but a senior prefers not to. She used to do her best to avoid taking incompletes, but now she'd rather pull an incomplete than an all-nighter. ("Ain't hurryin' myself for nobody," she muses as she files her nails.) A senior might be terrified of infinity, or the universe, or the future, but she would not bat an eye at a threatening notice from the Registrar or an overdue paper.

— J.B.



Columbia College of Physicians & Surgeons
630 WEST 168TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10032
OFFICE OF THE DEAN

I hope you ultimately enroll,
 in the medical profession.
 Sincerely,
 Frederick G. Hofmann
 Associate Dean for Admissions





FORWARD MARCH.

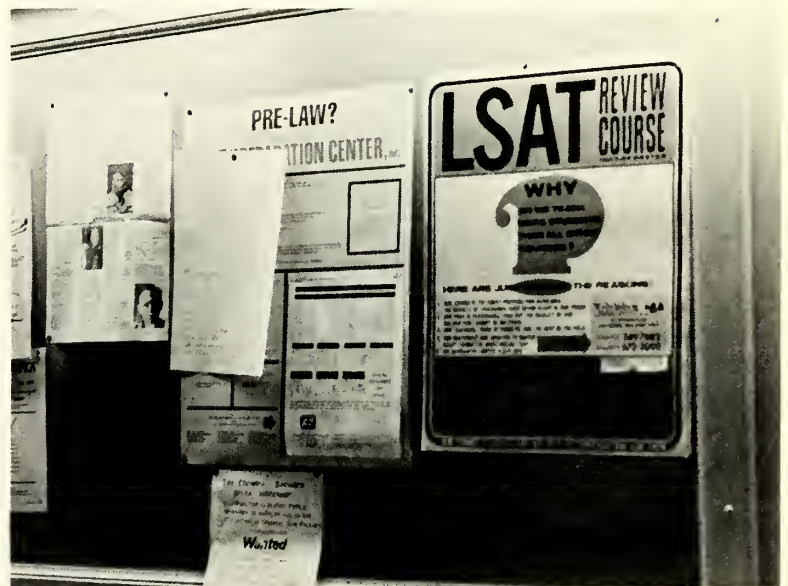


The battle is over, and the victory is ours. Yet there will be more battles encountered, and at times, even holding ground will take a concentrated effort. Just as Washington could not foresee America's potential and how it would grow and change, most of us have only a dim vision of what the future holds for us.

after Barnard . . .



what?



FOR SALE:

One college graduate with B.A. in English.

In good condition, runs like new.

Complete with optional equipment (sunny personality, extracurricular achievements).

Will accept best offer.

Call immediately.



Aw, hell, what's it all about anyway?
We bust our asses for that grade point
average when we might wind up sec-
retaries or housewives anyway. We
put up with requirements and regula-
tions and red tape, and all for what?





We're just uncertain about our lives
and our futures and our identities.
But they tell us there ain't nothing like
the undergraduate years. You bet
there ain't, and thank goodness for
that.







"Let me tell you about the very rich. They are different from you and me. They possess and enjoy early, and it does something to them, makes them soft where we are hard, and cynical where we are trustful, in a way that, unless you were born rich, it is very difficult to understand. They think, deep in their hearts, that they are better than we are. They are different."

from "The Rich Boy."
by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Money is not the only thing which places people into different stratas of society. Whether one realizes it or not, our education has made us "different." This difference will become more ingrained after graduation, as we confront all the crazy/happy people in the "real world." We possess inquisitive, sharp and active minds which will not be placated by mothers, bosses, shady politicians or false religions. Along with an education, we acquired cynicism. And we will not seek refuge from the world, but rather accept its challenges, whether they make or break us.



*Our uncertainty sometimes
stems from rebellion, We feel,
somehow, revolutionary in
our own quiet way of the 70's.
We don't want to end up like
our parents. We disregard the
way students have been
saying this for years because
we can't believe we're like
them. We thought we were
different – more mature, more
rational, more confident. But
we're just as lost as they were
through the ages, just as
unable to maintain a
perspective on our own lives.*

*What can be said now?
There are no more easy
formulae for survival. Ask for
happiness if you will, but hope
for fulfillment. Happiness
implies acceptance and we
should never come to that.*



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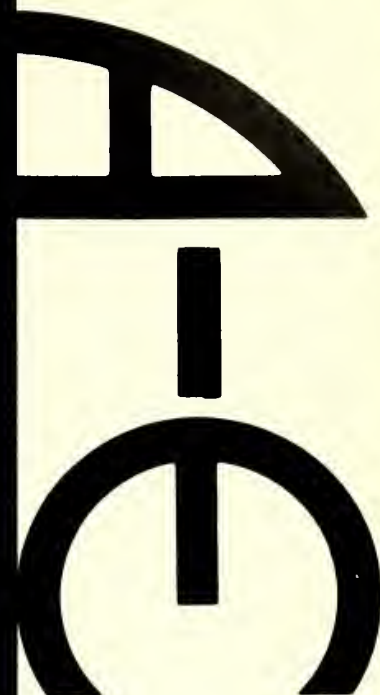
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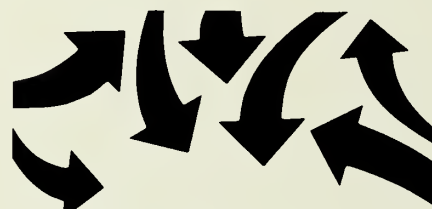
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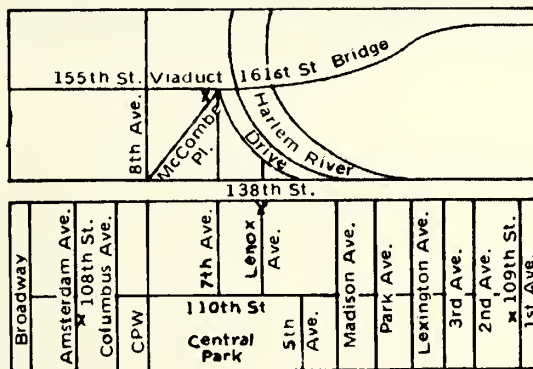


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I SOUGHT MY BROTHER AND FOUND ALL THREE, — ANONYMOUS

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Take your time. Relax. Pause for a moment of contemplation before plunging into the whirlpool. Your life will be swept away from you.

And now that you are quietly sitting there, watching the noise and confusion surrounding you, listen to your breath flow in, flow out. Feel your eyes dart to each movement, your ears, conscious of each sound, your mind clicking interminably. Try to realize just what your capabilities are. The world is waiting for someone, just like you.



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